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THE KENTUCKY CAMPAIGN AT CLOSE QUARTERS

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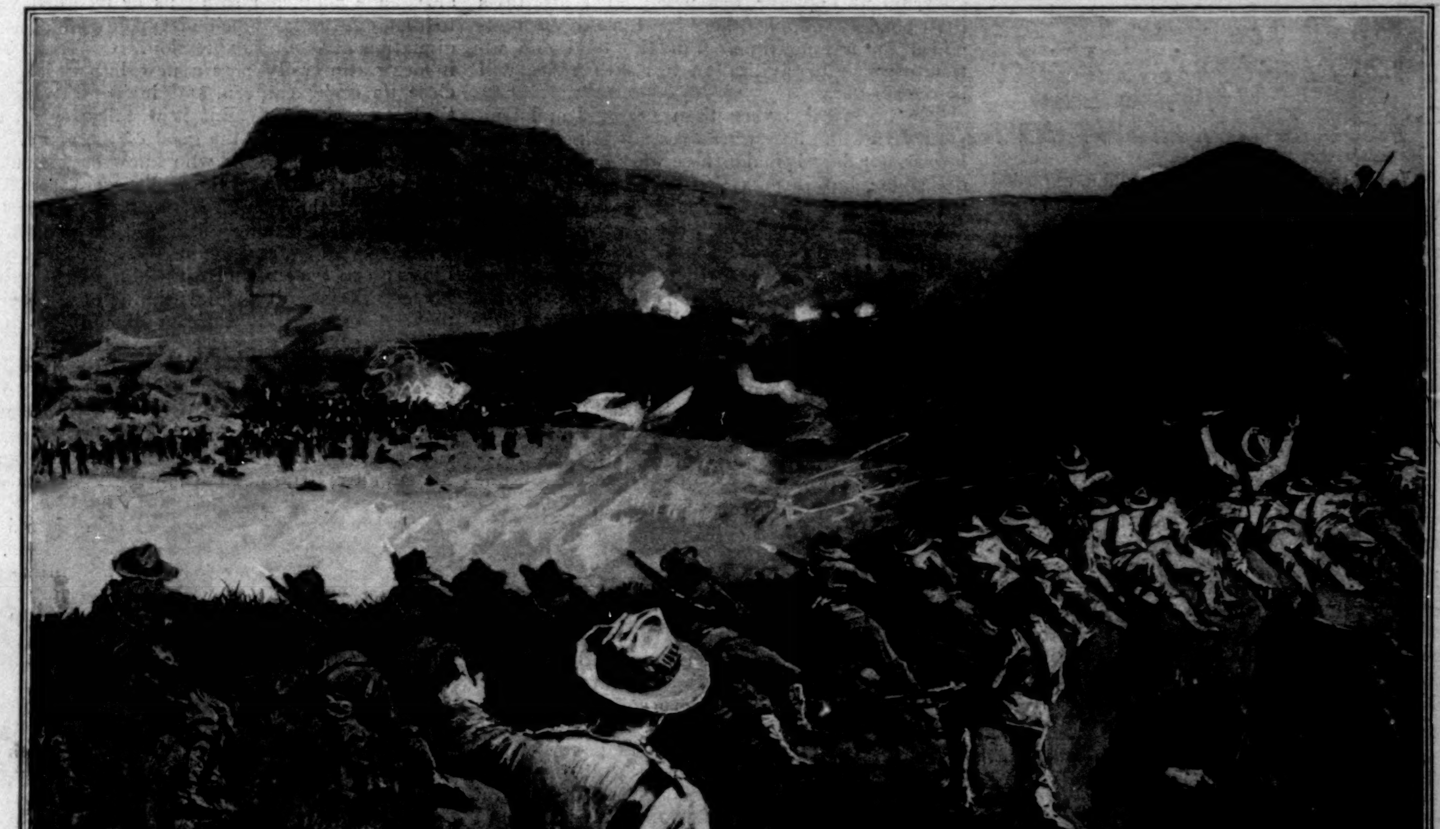

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—BRITISH TROOPS REPELLING A BOER ATTACK.

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 28, 1899

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The Historic View of Two Colonial Wars

NO war was ever justified when regarded from any point of view but the historic one. The larger forces that have play are the only forces that can properly be considered. In the case of the fighting in Luzon, the single great fact to be kept in mind is that it has fallen to our lot to bring that island and the whole Philippine archipelago at last to such a stage of civilization as the people and the country are capable of. The only method of bringing about such a result with such a population is first to restore peace and order under American control. In the whole history of the building up of the backward or tropical parts of the world, this is the only method that has succeeded.

Any other view of the subject is theoretical. It may be humane, but it is impracticable. Let us take, for instance, the eloquent and academic review of the subject made by Mr. SCHURZ in his elaborate speech on October 17 at the Anti-Imperialist meeting at Chicago. He made the following comparison, which he called an exact parallel:

> Imagine that in our Revolutionary times, France, being at war with England, had brought to this country a fleet and an army, and had, without any definite compact to that effect, co-operated as an ally with our Revolutionary forces, permitting all the while the Americans to believe that she did this without any mercenary motive, and that, in case of victory, the American colonies would be free and independent. Imagine then that, after the British surrender at Yorktown, the King of France had extorted from the British King a treaty ceding, for a consideration of $20,000,000, the sovereignty over the American colonies to France, and that thereupon the King of France had coolly notified the Continental Congress and General WASHINGTON that they had to give up their idea of national independence, and to surrender unconditionally to the sovereignty of France, wherefor the French King promised them 'benevolent assimilation.' Imagine, further, that upon the protest of the Americans that Great Britain, having lost everything in the colonies except New York city and a few other little posts, had no sovereignty to cede, the French King answered that he had bought the Americans at five dollars a head, and that if they refused to submit he would give them benevolent assimilation in the shape of bullets. Can there be any doubt that the Continental Congress and General WASHINGTON would have retorted that no matter what the French King might have bought, Great Britain had no sovereignty left to sell; that least of all the Americans would permit themselves to be sold; that the French, in so treating their American allies after such high-sounding professions of friendship and generosity, were a lot of mean, treacherous, contemptible hypocrites, and that the Americans would rather die than submit to such wolves in sheep's clothing. And will any patriotic American now deny that, whatever quibbles of international law about possible cessions of a lost sovereignty might be invented, such conduct of the French would have been simply a shame, and that the Americans of that time would have eternally disgraced themselves if they had failed to resist unto death? How, then, can the same patriotic American demand that the Filipinos should surrender and accept American sovereignty under circumstances exactly parallel?

Now there could be no fairer nor stronger presentation of the case if the Tagalogs were such a people as the American colonists were. Indeed, the whole controversy turns on the present stage of development and capacity of the people of Luzon. The American colonists had English institutions, English traditions, English character, and they won their own independence even from their mother-country. The Tagalogs have no such institutions, nor traditions, nor character, nor capacity; and such lessons in government as they have learned were learned from the worst colonial government and the most corrupt administration of modern times. The evidence of every competent and trustworthy man who has made a study of the social and political conditions in these islands confirms the conclusion that good government would not come as a result of leaving the natives to themselves or to AGUINALDO and his associates; and this is the determining factor in the case. The strongest argument of the Anti-Imperialists is most forcibly expressed in Mr. SCHURZ's parallel; but in the larger and only proper view of the war the parallel is academic and not exact, for it takes no account of the difference in character and capacity between the American colonists and the Filipinos.

So, too, with the unfortunate war between the British and the Boers. The personal or temporary view of it reveals only the misfortunes, which are great in any war, and the good qualities of the weaker people obscure the real matter at issue. Regarded from the historical point of view, the Boers are standing stubbornly in the way of the natural development of political freedom in South Africa. The situation is such that a conflict at some time was inevitable. The folly of President KRUGER in sending his ultimatum to the British government, however, has precipitated hostilities that possibly might otherwise have been postponed for a long time. But the total and ultimate result to civilization in South Africa will be the greater.

The historical rather than personal and temporary view of these wars does not mitigate their horror, nor does it make these wars or any others desirable; but it puts these unfortunate occurrences in their proper perspective. The humane gentlemen who make up the Anti-Imperialist League, as well as the Opposition in England, forget the future in their emotional contemplation of temporary misfortune. Nations must measure and order their lives and their development by consideration of longer periods, and the great forces that move them work by cycles, not by generations. Our English race is only fulfilling its destiny, in different ways, but to the same great end, in South Africa and in the Philippine Islands. If it costs treasure and blood, such a cost is unfortunate, but the sum total of civilization in our yet imperfect development can in no other way be advanced.

The New College President

THOSE who witnessed the induction of President HADLEY into his high office had excellent opportunity to form a composite picture of the modern college President. Not less than a score of the most prominent Eastern college Presidents and several representatives of the West sat in the distinguished group about Yale's new President and his clerical predecessor, Dr. TIMOTHY DWIGHT. It is difficult to derive the type from these widely varying personalities. President ELIOT and President HADLEY presented as great a contrast as can well be imagined, but they both contribute to the accentuation of the new type. Even in Monsignor CONATY, President of the Washington University, who sat in the purple robe of his ecclesiastical office, there was the suggestion of the practical man, and not of the bookish prelate. President HARPER, who sat beside him, looked the more a priest, though the extreme example of the new type. President PATTON is perhaps the only prominent man of the group who would meet the requirements of a college President a half-century ago in appearance, manner, training, and profession. Then the college President was obliged to be, first of all, a minister, now he must be pre-eminently an administrator; then it was essential that he be versed in the science of divinity, now he must be a student of humanity. This does not mean the spiritual decadence of the office, but signifies merely the need of men with a wide knowledge of temporalities. No clerical President could place greater stress upon the moral side of college life than the lay head of Yale.

The lucid, sensible, courageous inaugural address of President HADLEY gives hint of the problems that present themselves to the modern head of an American college—problems so difficult, so varied, that only a man with wide sympathies, of keen intellect, of far-reaching vision, of great executive ability, can hope to succeed.

The modern college President holds a unique position in American life. Probably no body of men, for their numbers, exert a wider or more wholesome influence. They stand for what is best in every community; they are, as a rule, leaders not only in educational movements, but in matters of general public concern; from their numbers men have been chosen to represent the government in important negotiations with other nations, and through them the schools have spoken their truth to the world. They are ambassadors of the ideal to the people among whom they live.

The Army Canteen

AN act of Congress approved March 2, 1899, was so worded that it was believed that it would put a stop to the sale of beer in the canteens which are part of the excellent post-exchange system which is at present maintained in our army. Prohibitionists, and ardent advocates of what they are pleased to call temperance, heartily hoped that it might have that result, but there was doubt in the mind of the Secretary of War as to what the effect of the new law was, and he sent it to the Department of Justice to be interpreted. It came back with a learned opinion from the Attorney-General, the gist of which was that it did not necessarily prohibit the sale of intoxicants by a civilian at military posts.

But throughout the summer there have been repeated complaints from prohibitionists that Mr. GRIGGS's decision was wrong and that the law had been defied. A good many religious organizations, also, have adopted resolutions or recorded views to that effect, and much disappointment and indignation has found expression. Congress, when it meets, can easily pass a new bill which shall close up every canteen, and incidentally cripple the post exchanges. But it will hardly do that unless it deems it for the good of the army. Believing that the persons who knew best about the effect of the canteen on the soldier were the officers of the army, the War Department lately asked the opinions of the commanding officers of troops, batteries, companies, and regiments as to the effect of the canteen system, and especially of the sale of beer, on the morality and discipline of the enlisted men. The replies of commanding officers in the Philippines have not yet been received, but about fifteen hundred answers from other officers have come in, and of these the number opposed to the canteen system is about forty. The rest heartily approve the carefully regulated sale of beer, on the ground that it keeps the men away from saloons and evil resorts outside the posts, and promotes temperance and good discipline.

These reports will presently be printed, and will be obtainable by persons who care to see them. It is very much to be hoped that conscientious persons who have agitated, and expect to agitate further, for the abolition of the canteen system will procure and read them. It seems to the WEEKLY impossible that the testimony they offer as to the merits of the present system, and the evils that preceded it and which would follow its destruction, can fail to convince reasonable people in and out of Congress that it makes for righteousness and sobriety to let the canteen system alone.

The Partition of Samoa

THE Joint Commission to Samoa is reported likely to result in the partition of the group. There is something comical in the idea of three great nations making three mouthfuls of so small a bunch of cherries, yet even this is a more hopeful plan than the scheme outlined by the commissioners when they left Samoa. At the time we pointed out the futility of a system of government which could only divide responsibility and accentuate ill feeling, both in natives and Europeans; and it would appear that the commissioners themselves must have reported to their governments against its acceptance. So far as it goes, this is matter for congratulation. The three nations that have undertaken to carry the white man's burden on behalf of Samoa cannot now shake off that burden, and it is well they should have awakened to the fact that it cannot be dealt with in any such makeshift fashion as was proposed.

England is said to be willing, however, to buy up the rights of Germany in the group, and it is broadly hinted that even now it is little more than the question of price that stands in the way of a settlement. Should this prove to be the case, it probably offers the best solution of the difficulty. There is not work enough for three, or even for two, governments in the little group of islands, with its 35,000 inhabitants, and there certainly can be no profit in the undertaking. Of the three nations that have been supposed to be governing, but that have really been quarrelling over the exceedingly small prize, England has certainly the most hope of managing it at once satisfactorily and profitably. In England's hands the islands would soon be pacified and their resources would be speedily developed. The rights of German subjects would be safe when there was no longer any question of German supremacy, and those of America could easily be assured without the unremunerative expenditure necessary for the government of an insignificant and very distant possession.

THE KENTUCKY "BOSS'S" DESPERATE CAMPAIGN

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON

WILLIAM GOEBEL is the expression of modern politics in the most extreme form, and he represents, in his character, his methods, and his designs, the next struggle in the Democratic party—the struggle between the sincere and wrong-headed socialists and the moral perverts who have obtained control of a good deal of the party machinery, the struggle between the cranks and the criminals; for Goebel's success in Kentucky, and McLean's in Ohio, bode no good to Mr. Bryan.

Kentucky has rarely been in such a political ferment as it is in to-day. William Goebel, not of American parentage, not born in the State, has gained control of the Democratic party, and has obtained the nomination of the convention whose candidates were, *a priori*, supposed to be sure of election. The revolt against the Republicans was probably sufficient to elect the Democrats on a fair count, but, in addition to the popular reversion to the old party, the Democrats had constructed a machine for controlling the elections and for counting in the candidates which seemed to make the success of their ticket unavoidable. This machine was Goebel's construction, and Goebel became the candidate of what had been assumed to be the invincible party. But the assumption is not what it was. A serious revolt among the silver Democrats has followed Goebel's nomination, resulting from his method of obtaining it, and there is now no doubt that the first reason for supposing the Democratic candidate invincible no longer exists. He cannot be elected on a fair count. He will be defeated by a large majority. The second reason for Democratic confidence is the only hope that remains to Goebel. Will he be able to count himself in? He has the machinery of the law, of which he is the author. Will his creatures of the State Board of Election Commissioners, together with the county and precinct boards, dare the attempt to defraud the popular will? And if they dare, will the good citizens of the State, who are organizing, and who even talk of arming, for the purpose, be able to prevent the consummation of the outrage?

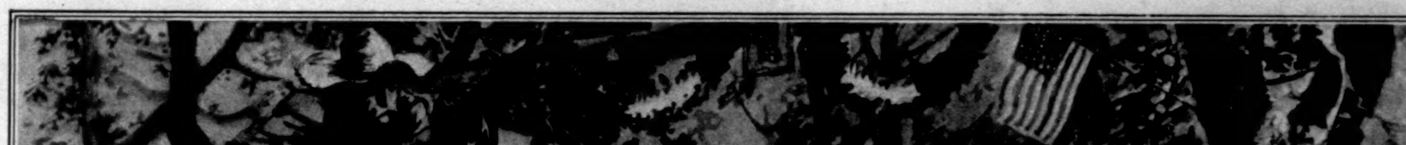
GOEBEL AND HIS MACHINE

William Goebel is a new product for Kentucky. He is not a native. He is not popular except among the pool-sellers and others of that class, whose lawyer he is. He is not the generous, cordial, open nature which one habitually thinks of as Kentuckian. He is cold, calculating, prudently selfish. He is bound to rule the State, and he even contemplates higher spheres for his activities. The contrast between him and his Democratic competitor, John Young Brown, is the contrast between a tough and a gentleman, between smartness and ability, between the politics of yesterday and the politics of to-day in Kentucky. The character of Goebel is illustrated by the killing of John Sandford several years ago in Covington. John Sandford was, for some reason, in Goebel's way. He was a high-spirited man, and his friends say that he was also a man of irreproachable character. Goebel wrote and secured the publication of an attack upon Sandford, which is variously described as brutal or infamous or indecent, and which was probably intended to lead to a personal encounter. At any rate, Goebel prepared himself for killing. He saw Sandford on the street, which he crossed for the purpose of bringing his victim face to face with him. Over his left arm he carried an overcoat, in the pocket of which was a revolver, evidently cocked, and his right hand grasped it. The two were within a few feet of each other, when Sandford asked Goebel if he was responsible for the article. Goebel said yes, and pulled the revolver from his pocket. Sandford reached behind for his pistol, but before he could bring it forward Goebel shot him in the head, Sandford's weapon being discharged apparently by the convulsive grasp of the dying man. Since then Goebel has not killed any one, but he has seemingly done his utmost to provoke quarrels of a personal nature by his ruthless and usually mendacious attacks upon his political opponents. He has given the lie to almost every prominent and reputable man in the State. He, more than any one else, has deprived Kentucky and the country of the services of Mr. Carlisle—at one time as absolutely impregnable in the affections and admiration of the people of the State as was ever Henry Clay. He will send Senator Lindsay into private life the moment his term expires. He has earned the hostility of every self-respecting Democrat in the State, and he has at his beck and call the conscienceless demagogues—chief of whom is Blackburn—the ruffians, the criminals, the crowd that admires successful crime and fawns upon courageous and successful criminals.

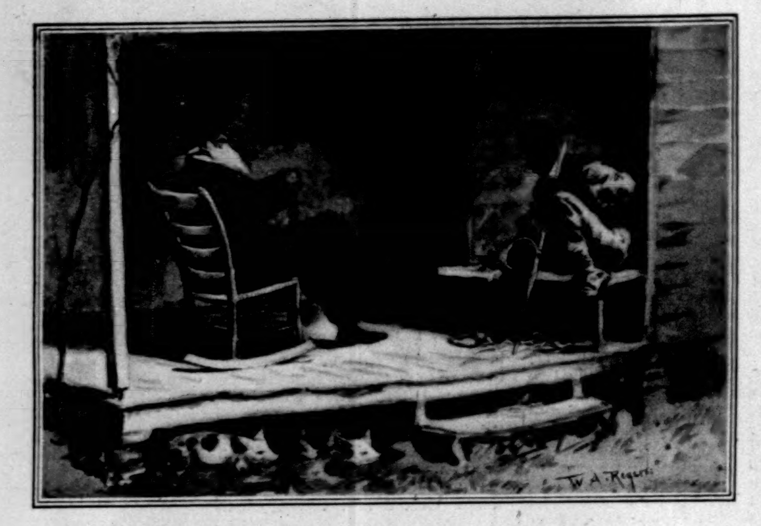
The political methods of this modern tribune are illustrated by his gross deception of Mr. Carlisle in 1896, and by the manner in which he obtained his present nomination. Mr. Carlisle had done much for Goebel when the latter was a young man. He had given him his start in his profession. Common gratitude alone demanded fair treatment for the statesman in Washington from the politician at home. But Goebel has been denouncing Mr. Carlisle, and has invited the confusion which has been visited upon him. He was accused of securing admission to the State convention of 1896 through Mr. Carlisle's influence, and he denounced the accusation as a lie. Upon this Mr. Carlisle found himself reluctantly drawn into the State campaign, and he wrote a letter to the editor of the Louisville *Evening Post*, narrating the circumstance of Goebel's visit to him in Washington, when he requested Mr. Carlisle's influence on the ground that he was a single-standard gold advocate, a partisan of Mr. Carlisle, and an opponent of Mr. Blackburn. Although he had voted for Blackburn for Senator, he explained that it was because Blackburn was the candidate of the party. He convinced Mr. Carlisle that he was entitled to a seat in the convention, but, being admitted as a delegate, he at once cast his vote for the free-silver candidates for officers of the convention; and voted for the resolution which presented Blackburn as the choice of the Kentucky Democracy for the Presidency. Mr. Carlisle had, fortunately, preserved a letter which Goebel had written to him, in which his pretence of being a gold Democrat was fully set forth. Goebel has tried to explain this letter, but he has failed utterly to make out a case for himself. His own letter is sufficient to convict him. Mr. Carlisle's exposure of his treachery has caused a sensation, as might have been expected, and Senator Bronston, the silver candidate, for whom Goebel voted for temporary chairman of the convention at which he betrayed Mr. Carlisle, has announced, since the publication of Mr. Carlisle's letter, that he cannot support a man so dishonorable as is Goebel.

THE NOMINATION FOR GOVERNOR

It was Goebel's intention to be the Democratic candidate this year—the invincible candidate—when he drew and secured the enactment of the Goebel law to establish fraud under the protection of the law of the State. The State convention met at Louisville on the 21st of June. At the precinct primaries and county conventions Goebel made strenuous efforts to secure delegates who would favor his nomination in the State convention. He sometimes resorted to fraud, and sometimes to violence; but he was in a minority when the State convention met. Then came an opportunity for a display of Goebelism, of which he abundantly took advantage. He is as ready to break faith as to hold office, and he had his chance. He never hesitates to defraud the voters, and again he had his chance. There were two other candidates before the convention. Of these three candidates, Hardin had 529½ votes, Stone 384, and Goebel only 167 votes, so that more than 900 of the delegates chosen were against Goebel. Then this master of chicanery began to play his tricks with candidate Stone. He united with him to defeat Hardin's candidate for the temporary chairmanship of the convention, and Judge Redwine, a friend of Goebel, was elected. He had promised Stone to make him the candidate for Governor, and he repeated the promise in order to secure Stone's assent that the temporary organization should be made permanent. Having accomplished this purpose, he secured the appointment of a committee on credentials, which not only decided the contested election cases against Hardin, but which invented contests where none existed, until, finally, Goebel had obtained a majority of the delegates and had secured the nomination, Stone having



MR. GOEBEL IN OWANTIA, A DEMOCRATIC STRONGHOLD.—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY W. A. ROGERS.



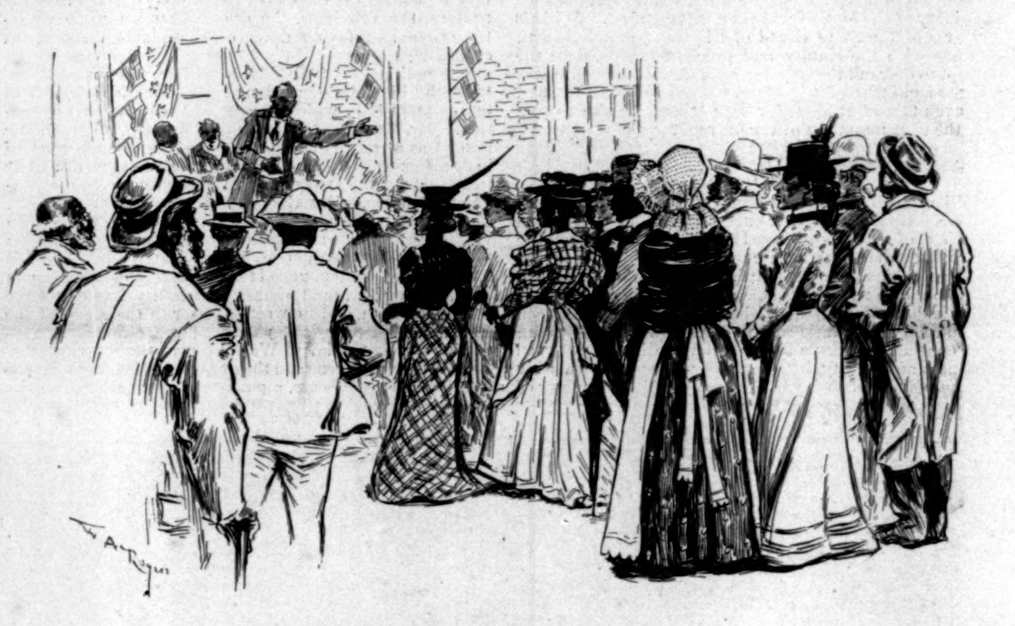
A LITTLE MISSIONARY WORK.

been dropped out of the contest by some further cunning and dishonorable manipulation of this extraordinary rascal; 225 votes were stolen from Hardin, and 169 seduced from Stone. Thus was Goebel nominated, and the methods which he pursued, and by means of which he succeeded, mark him as one of the most brilliant and hardiest political bandits of his time. He has hesitated at nothing, and has been so bold in his villany as to have actually wrought up the best citizens of the commonwealth to such mental and nervous condition that it requires only a step more to cause the shot-gun state of mind to prevail in all of Kentucky that does not justify the employment of fraud and violence in elections.

THE GOEBEL LAW

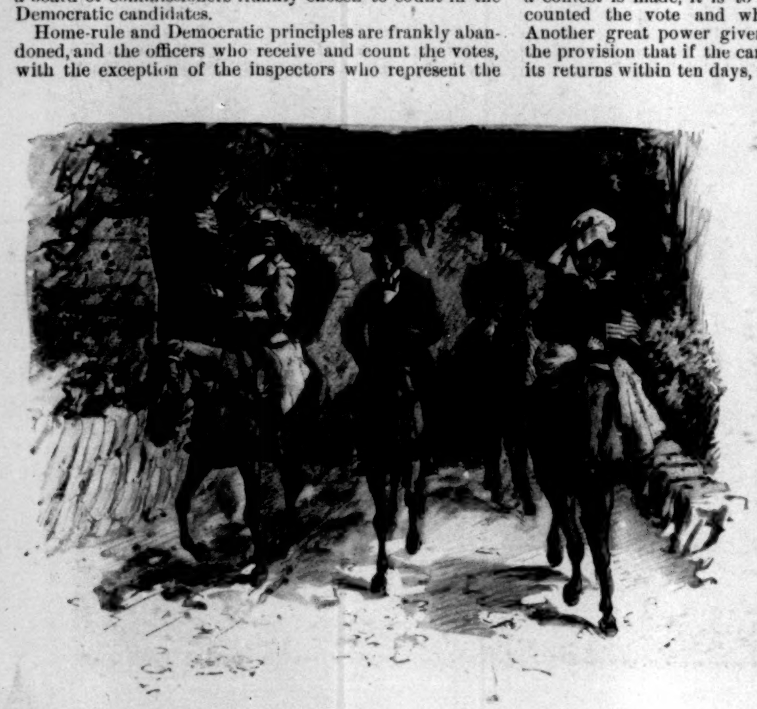
The Goebel law is intended to intrench Goebel in the law of the State. It is on the canvassing and counting machinery constructed by this famous statute that Goebel depends for election in the absence of votes. This law is an interesting incident in the progress of machine-building which is going on throughout the country. The machine violates the law or evades it when it wants to cheat. If in New York, for example, dishonest election officers are appointed for the purpose of doing dishonorable work, they are chosen in violation of the intent of the law, if not of its letter. It is true also that under the Goebel law the result expected, if fraud is essential, will also be produced in violation of the criminal law, and the offenders may be prosecuted before the criminal courts, and, on conviction, punished. But in no State in the Union other than Kentucky is the machinery of elections turned over to the control of the men who want to cheat if cheating be necessary. The people elsewhere have the choosing of the election officers, but in Kentucky the people have nothing whatever to say on the subject except through their votes for future Legislatures. In other States dishonest officers are put into place, as other dishonest men are put into other offices, by the votes of the people, who therefore have an opportunity to eject them when their true characters shall be revealed. In Kentucky Goebel has made his machine part of the administrative government of the State. He has put his creatures into office by an act of the Legislature, so that his machine is not a private corporation, even in name, like Croker's, but an avowedly public corporation receiving pay from the State for doing Goebel's work. This may resemble Croker's machine, in fact, and at least it is a frank expression of the creed of the criminal in politics—that the offices and revenues of the government belong to those who can get them by hook or by crook. Goebel has taken the plain, blunt course. Croker uses judges and other office-holders, who are paid to do the work of the State in the city, as his vassals and servants; Goebel has a board of commissioners frankly chosen to count in the Democratic candidates.

Home-rule and Democratic principles are frankly abandoned, and the officers who receive and count the votes, with the exception of the inspectors who represent the different parties, are appointed by the powers at Frankfort. The law provides for the election by the Legislature of three State commissioners, who hold office for four years. These commissioners appoint the County Board of Election Commissioners, who in turn appoint the election officers of the different precincts. The Republican party is supposed to be represented on the precinct boards, but this has long been the law or the custom in Kentucky, and the methods of evading it are well known. Republicans are appointed, for example, who are travelling in Europe, or who are physically or mentally unfit for service, or who live at a great distance from the polls. Then the others select some one to fill the anticipated vacancy, and this year that some one will be a Goebel Democrat or a complaisant Republican. At any moment, and with or without cause, the State board may remove any member of a county board, or the whole of the board, appointing successors, and the county board may do the same with the precinct officers. This gives the State board absolute control of the election machinery, and even after the votes are cast the State board may remove election officers who threaten to be recalcitrant, and may turn over the ballot-boxes to men who will count in accordance with the necessities of the party. It is quite possible that all the local election officers of the State may be changed on the eve of election day.



A MEETING OF COLORED REPUBLICANS.

The decision of the board of canvassers is final; no appeal lies to any authority, no review can be ordered. If a contest is made, it is to be tried before the men who counted the vote and whose decision is questioned. Another great power given to the machine consists in the provision that if the canvassing board does not make its returns within ten days, the vote of the precinct or the county may be thrown out. Suppose, for example, that Taylor, the Republican candidate for Governor, should carry the city of Louisville by a majority of 10,000, and that the rest of the State should go for Goebel by a majority of 5000; it lies in the power of the Goebel election officer to defeat the will of the people of the State by simply failing to return the Louisville vote.



ON THE WAY TO A POLITICAL MEETING.

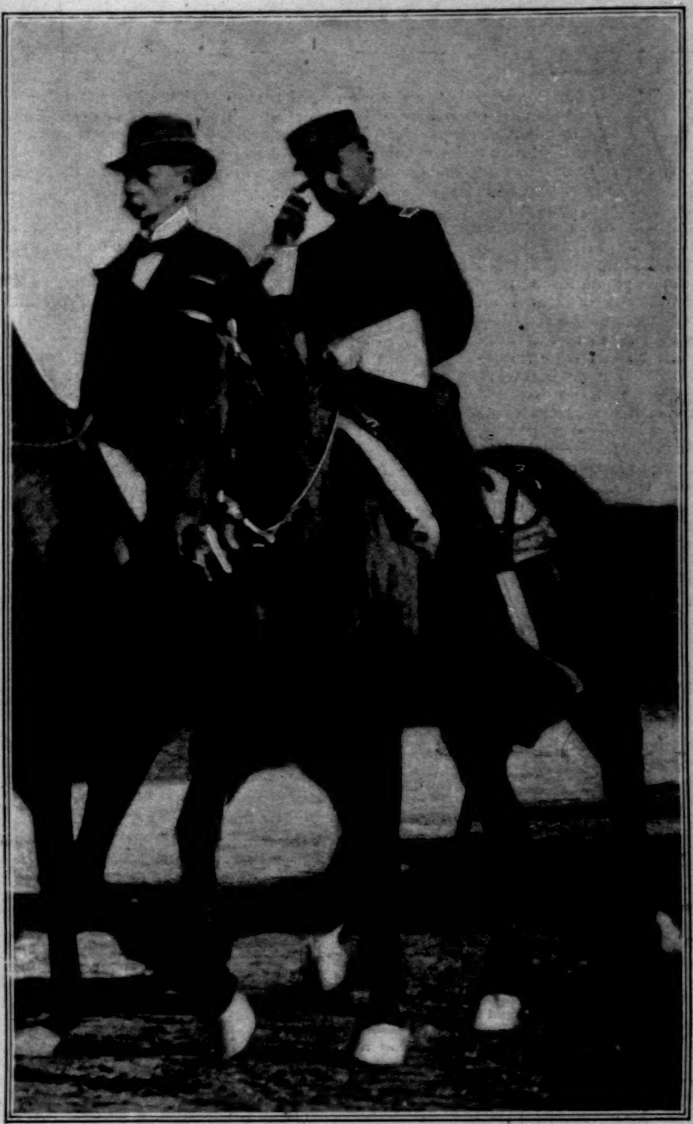
The election officers are expected to be willing and ready to commit any fraud that may be necessary to satisfy the exigencies of the Goebel ticket. The head of the State board is Judge Pryor, once Chief Justice of the State. He was held in high esteem. It is a curious trait of some bad men that they dislike to see a good man fall. When Pryor was named for the first place on the commission, a man of ability, but thoroughly corrupt, went to him and told him that the law was intended to give the Democrats an opportunity to steal the State, and that a man of his (Pryor's) character should not take a place on the board. "It's different with me, Judge," said the frank and cynical friend. "I believe in stealing the State if we can't get it any other way, but you ought not to be dragged in."

Pryor then authorized this man to forbid the use of his name in the Legislature, but before the day for the voting Goebel had urged him to stand, and he consented. Now he seems ready to do anything that Goebel requires of him, and although he is a judge of last resort in any contest that may arise from the election, he is on the stump eulogizing Goebel and abusing his opponents. The correspondence between South Trimble and W. E. Thompson, of a year ago last August, is still fresh in the public mind. Trimble warned Thompson, who had been appointed an election commissioner, that dirty work was expected of him, and advised him to decline the appointment, saying that Judge Pryor would appoint any one who might be designated if he (Thompson) would create the vacancy. Thompson complied, and Judge Pryor, I am told, carried out his part of the contract. The other day the *Evening Post* of Louisville published a letter signed by Allie W. Young, chairman of Goebel's State Committee. It was addressed to an election commissioner, and urged him to hurry his poll-book to the Central Committee. Allie Young said that when the committee had received the poll-books "the most important gun of the campaign will have been fired." He concluded his letter by saying: "We will then know just where we are, what is necessary to be done, and expect, with your assistance, to do it." In other words, the poll-book will show the number of votes necessary to enable Goebel to carry the State, and the election commissioners are expected to see that the required number of ballots are in the box.

This explains sufficiently the manner in which Goebel expects to carry the State of Kentucky and to be elected its Governor. It seems as though he had the game in his own hands. In the language of the eminent Mr. Cox of Cincinnati, "How can you beat a man who's got the nomination in one hand and the ballot-box in the other?" But the good citizens of Kentucky intend to do their utmost to save the State from the disgrace of Goebel and the shame of his law. In Louisville an Honest Election League has been formed. It is composed of men of all parties. The rest of the State is expected to follow the example of the city, and it is the intention of these good citizens to have a fair count even if a resort to violence is necessary to secure it. Great care is being taken by the opponents of Goebel in the selection of inspectors. There are five inspectors permissible at each poll, for there are five tickets in the field. All of the four opponents of the Democratic ticket are against Goebel especially. The break in the Democratic party is not on the old lines between silver and gold Democrats. The break is in the silver faction. The rebels against the regular ticket are silver men. The gold Democrats are not taking a prominent part in the campaign. They will vote as they please—some for Taylor and some for Brown—but the contest is being urged by silver Democrats who are trying to prevent the success of fraud. The election has positively no national significance whatever. The contest is one of good citizens against a corrupt "boss," who has not built up the machine as the East understands such a mechanism, but who is seeking to make the election officers of the State his machine and to make fraud legal. No more important struggle against corrupt government and the ascendancy of the criminal in politics is going on in the country.

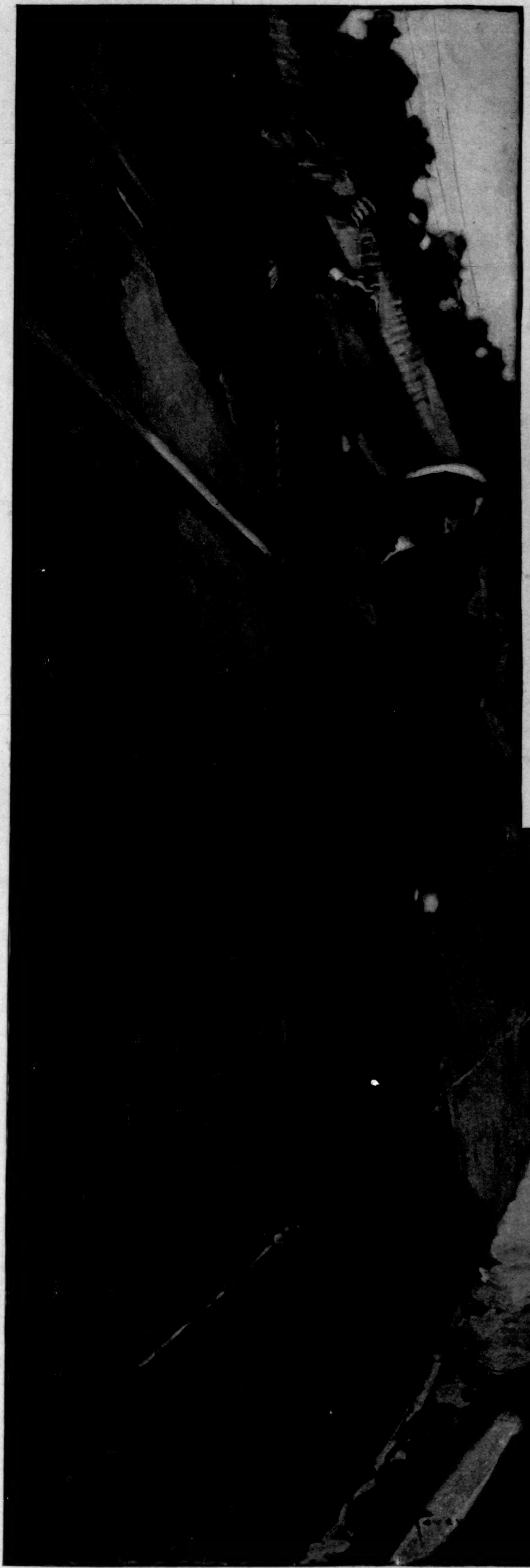
GOEBEL AND NATIONAL POLITICS

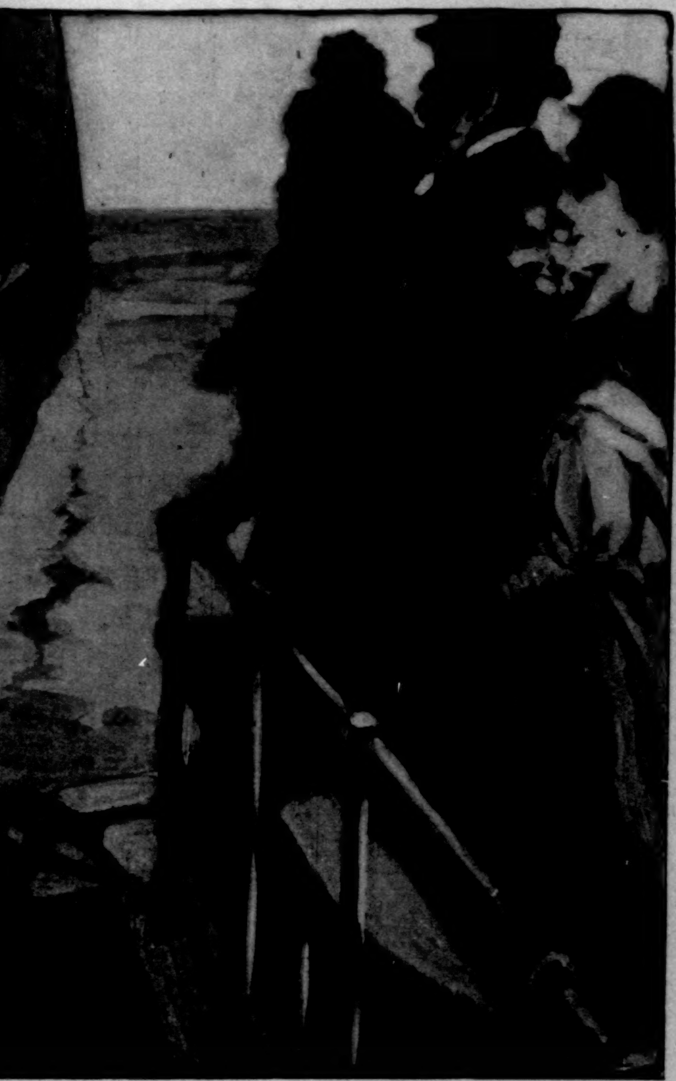
Although I have said that the campaign has no national significance, that statement must be qualified in one respect. Goebel has a deep significance for Democrats. He represents a force, which is rising in the party, which has no use for Bryan or his principles, but which is greatly interested in securing the control of the party for the bosses who, like Goebel, Croker, McLean, and Gorman, have no use for principles that interfere with their ambitions or their greed. The rise and strength of Goebel are, for the moment, driving together the honest gold and silver Democrats. Silver as an issue is dying out in this part of the country. If Goebel and McLean succeed, Bryan must look to his position. He is not the kind of man whom the bosses prefer. They would rather have Gorman, or McLean, or even Goebel himself.



Governor Stanley of Kansas.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL FREDERICK FUNSTON, U.S.V.





GREETING THE RETURNING VOLUNTEERS DOWN THE BAY.—Drawn by W. D. Stevens, after Photograph.

THE RETURN OF THE KANSAS VOLUNTEERS UNDER GENERAL FUNSTON.—[See Page 1102.]

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

WORD comes that in the interest of the unbelieving tax-payers of Chicago, Superintendent Andrews has decided that Mr. Kipling's "Recessional" ought not to be sung in the Chicago public schools. The "Recessional" is a hymn, Dr. Andrews says, and the children of folks who are opposed to hymns ought not to be compelled to sing it. No doubt the children may sing it out of school all they like, and indeed they should be encouraged in that, for apart from the religious value or disability of the poem, there are a number of excellent words in it which every parent, believer or miscreant, ought to long to have his child familiar with.

There is talk of a possibility that Dr. Andrews may give up his place of Superintendent of Schools in Chicago, and become professor of systematic theology in the University of Chicago. The opposition to him and his methods as Superintendent, which resulted in his resignation last year, seems still to be vigorous, and it is conceivable that he may grow tired after a while of living in hot water.

DR. JOHN A. WYETH, who wrote the war stories about General Forrest which were lately published in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and more recently in book form, has heard from at least one competent witness who attests his veridicity as a historian. A correspondent who dates his letter from Des Moines, Iowa, writes to him to say:

> Your article in the August *Harper's* about "The Pursuit and Capture of Streight's Raiders" has greatly interested me, I being the identical Milton Russell spoken of in that article as leading Streight's advance on Rome the night before our capture by General Forrest. I want to congratulate you on the article. It is the best and truest description of that raid I have ever read from the pen of any writer, either Union or Confederate. . . . I would like to know whether or not you were on General Forrest's staff during that raid. I remember a doctor who ate at the same table with our command in Rome, Georgia, and who was a good talker, and the discussion between the Johnnies and the Yankees was hot and acrimonious for the time being. I am wondering whether you are not the same doctor who was so prominent on that occasion. Over a third of a century having passed since the events you so ably describe, time has so softened the feelings and temper of the contestants of that day that I now feel that I could meet any member of General Forrest's staff as a friend and brother.
>
> A few of General Streight's staff are yet living; most of them have crossed the dark river. If you were on General Forrest's staff, and were the doctor described above, I would like to have your photograph. I have often thought since that day that I would know that doctor at sight. If, in return, you should want mine, I will gladly exchange with you. When your book is out, I shall buy a copy and recommend all survivors of Streight's command to do likewise.
>
> Yours in fraternity, charity, and loyalty,
>
> (Signed) MILTON RUSSELL,
> Co. A, Fifty-first Indiana Volunteers.

THE Right Hon. Daniel Tallon, Lord Mayor of Dublin, who has come to this country to raise a fund for the erection of a monument to Charles Stewart Parnell, is an Irishman of exceptional distinction and popularity. It is rare for a Lord Mayor of Dublin to hold his office more than a single twelvemonth, but Mr. Tallon's incumbency began on December 1, 1897, and will last until January 23, 1900, a tenure without precedent in Dublin's annals. He was elected in special anticipation of the expected visit of many distinguished Americans of Irish birth to Dublin in 1898. The Spanish-American war upset that plan, but the Lord Mayor's intentions and preparations have not been forgotten.

As it is, his Mayoralty has turned out to be busy and important. The bad potato harvest of 1897 caused severe distress in parts of Donegal, Mayo, Galway, Kerry, and Cork. Lord-Mayor Tallon raised £13,000 for its relief, and co-operated later with a Manchester committee which raised £17,000 more. His report afterwards on the distressed districts resulted in important provisions of the government for their permanent relief.

At the commemoration in Dublin, on August 19, 1898, of the efforts and sufferings of the United Irishmen, Lord-Mayor Tallon was the leading figure, and gave a notable banquet to the city's guests. Owing to the war then in progress, the Americans who had been expected did not come, but the occasion was memorable in spite of that, and the Lord Mayor adorned it.

With Mr. Tallon's present errand to this country there is likely to be responsive sympathy. Americans have always been proud of Parnell, and not even the tragedy that overshadowed the close of his career could quench their admiration of him or blind them to the importance of what he accomplished.

AS illness, if sufficiently protracted, tends to reconcile the patient and his friends to any issue, so the eight unsuccessful attempts to have a yacht-race tended to make all hands feel that it was better to have raced and lost than not to have gone over the course within the time. Every one seemed to moan a little at the news that *Shamrock* had broken her topmast in the second race, and if the wind had failed that day there would have been little complaint; but even in that case the condescension of our October gales in blowing *Columbia* over the course was appreciated. Folks who felt that they ought to see the races, and who still could not go, bore the strain of the delays with wonderful patience. When you can't get to see a thing, it is vastly consoling to learn afterwards that you wouldn't have seen what you went for even if you had gone. Hell won't quite be hell if it is penetrated by rumors that the other place is full, or inaccessible, or has been postponed. Perhaps the doctrine of election, which strikes some of us as queer and, in its exclusions, somewhat unkind, was developed, after all, with a view to promote the peace of the lost who didn't try.

FRIENDS of peace and a quiet life, and of the use of moderate type in the newspapers, will find cause for rejoicing in the news that the latest-found gold-mines are already and unequivocally in British territory, and will not have to be hogged, hocussed, bought, stolen, or annexed. When Providence gives the land to our cousins before the gold is found in it, it saves trouble and complaint, and insures that the gold will be extracted according to law and without unnecessary delay. The New Klondike, as the head-line artists call it, has been located in Ungava land, on the eastern shore of Hudson Bay. The story is that its existence was first indicated in the diary of a deceased employé of the Hudson Bay Company, which fell into the hands of a newspaper editor in northern Ontario. In this diary were notes in detail of mineral deposits in the neighborhood of Great and Little Whale rivers. Mr. Osborne, the editor, was interested in the diary and took it to Boston, where money was provided for further investigation. A party went north last May, and has brought back stories of extensive and valuable deposits of gold, silver, copper, iron, coal, and other minerals, in quantities, as the advertisers say, to suit. The explorers showed their appreciation of the land by filing claims to as much of it as possible. The mineral tract is said to be large, extending six hundred miles one way by four hundred another.

Thirty years ago there was a boy's book by Ballantyne, called *Ungava*, which told more or less about this country and its ice and furs, and the trading there, but not about its minerals. The region is easily accessible by ship to Hudson Bay, and for a hundred years past a ship from England has visited once a year the near-by post of the Hudson Bay Company at Moose Factory, on Moose River, at the head of James Bay. Of course these new discoveries will bear a deal of confirmation, but they seem well authenticated, and if the war in the Transvaal stops gold-mining there for any time, the development of this new gold country will be all the speedier.

ONE consequence of the war in the Transvaal, for which we all may as well prepare, is the need of exhaustive consideration of the character of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. If the Boers get hold of Mr. Rhodes, we may be able to turn him and his record over to the historians, and await their verdict; but probably the Boers won't get him; and indeed we should hope they may not, for he has a fair title to be considered the most interesting man in the world just now, and in the interest of public entertainment, if nothing else, we must hope he will be spared to act out his part.

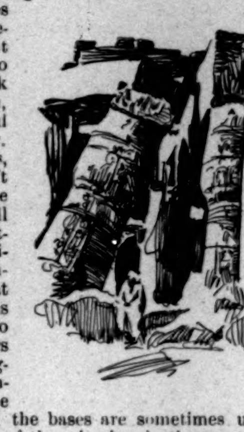
Is he an Imperialist or a republican? Is he a dreamer or a practical person? Is he a Napoleon or a Washington? We read of him as a man steeped in American ideas of politics, whose dream was once of a United States of South Africa, which should have home-rule. That sounds like an ideal of liberty and good government, and undoubtedly Mr. Rhodes is after good government, and for the essentials of liberty for all persons who, in his opinion, are fit to improve them. As for Boers and other native Africans whose ideas of liberty and government don't coincide with his, if he finds it expedient and practicable to throw them down and sit on their chests, the fact that he is opposed to taxation without representation will not avail much to make his weight less heavy.

Mr. Rhodes is a greedy man, but greedy in a very large and unusual way. Nothing seems to satisfy him but the realization of ideas. He is enormously rich, but not a grain the less uneasy on that account. To be master of the lamp seems of small consequence to him unless he can keep the genie humping at the jobs he wants done. To build the Cape to Cairo railroad and to sweep out of the way all obstacles to the political and industrial development of South Africa are the purposes that have resulted from the fermentation in Mr. Rhodes's mind. He is not the sort of man who hesitates to break the eggs that are essential to his omelet, but there are eggs in Africa that are uncommon hard to break, and the toughest shell of all is that of Oom Paul Kruger.

THE unveiling of Zolnay's bust of Edgar A. Poe at the University of Virginia, on October 7, has brought out in the newspapers an interesting flood of discourse about Poe and his misadventures. It cannot be said to have recalled him to the public mind, for his hold on public attention is notably constant. His poetry is never forgotten or neglected, his stories are published, republished, sold, and read year after year, and his collected works in handsome print and binding are part of the stock of every large book store and are on the shelves of every library. He died on October 7, 1849, and the recent exercises at the University of Virginia commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of that date. Mr. Hamilton Mabie made the address of the occasion, and Mr. Robert Burns Wilson read a memorial ode.

Poe was only forty years old when he died. A Baltimore correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* tells a story about his death which will doubtless be new to some readers. He denies that he was worn out with dissipations, or died as a consequence of a protracted spree, but says, on the authority of a former Baltimorean who lived recently in San Francisco, that Poe turned up on the night before election in 1849 at the Widow Meagher's saloon in Baltimore, drank there somewhat freely, and left late in the evening with three companions, of whom the narrator's informant was one. All four were seized by a gang of roughs, locked up in an engine-house, and stupefied with drugged liquor, to be used as repeaters at the polls next day. It was the drugs that were given to Poe that killed him, says this witness; not the liquor he drank, or any liquor he ever had drunk in time past.

THE news that nine columns have fallen in the Hypostyle Hall of the Temple of Karnak is very vexatious, especially to persons who as yet have been unable to get to see the temple and its famous hall If we must hurry to see the Temple of Karnak before it falls, then indeed there is no such thing as deliberation on this earth. Egypt and its antiquities have been used to be regarded as things that would keep, but here go nine columns at Karnak to sudden destruction, like so much canned beef. We must hurry. There are 125 columns, or thereabouts, still left in the hall, and the place is said to be very well looked after, but evidently it is subject to accidents as well as to immeasurable delay. What brought the columns down is left as yet to surmise, but it appears that they have a recognized propensity to crumble at their bases. The columns are sandstone; the bases are sometimes under water in time of flood, and there is nitre in the surrounding dust, which impregnates the water and makes it eat into the columns, and when the process has reached the effectual point, down they come.



The excavations now in progress at Karnak, under direction of British, French, and American archæologists, are said to be the most important ever made in Egypt.

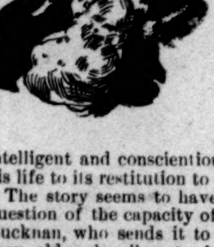
THE Sunday question has lately sustained a little more than the usual agitation in Massachusetts, because of the obdurate behavior of Professor George H. Barton, of the Institute of Technology in Boston, who brought a party of Boston teachers across the State to North Adams on Saturday, and spent the Lord's day in leading them up Greylock Mountain. Mr. Barton is a geologist, and his special errand at Greylock was to show the teachers its geological formation. North Adams hardly approved of this use of the day, and the Baptist Church there, learning that Professor Barton was coming, adopted resolutions and sent them to him, to the effect that his plan seemed to have been made without regard to the "Christian sentiment of this community with regard to the Lord's day," and that such an enterprise as his, under such influential patronage, would be "extremely pernicious in its influence on the religious and moral life of our city and surrounding country."

The professor replied courteously that he was coming on Sunday because that day and Saturday were the only days available for the teachers, that he did not feel that it was an ill use of Sunday to study the handiwork of the Creator, and that when he reached the top of Greylock he would read to his party from a little book called *Thoughts of God*.

Neither the professor's position nor the feelings of the North Adams Baptists are difficult to understand or hard to sympathize with. Perhaps we ought to hope that neither opinion will cease to have influence, since both, pulling diversely, probably bring about a better average Sunday sentiment than either would produce alone.

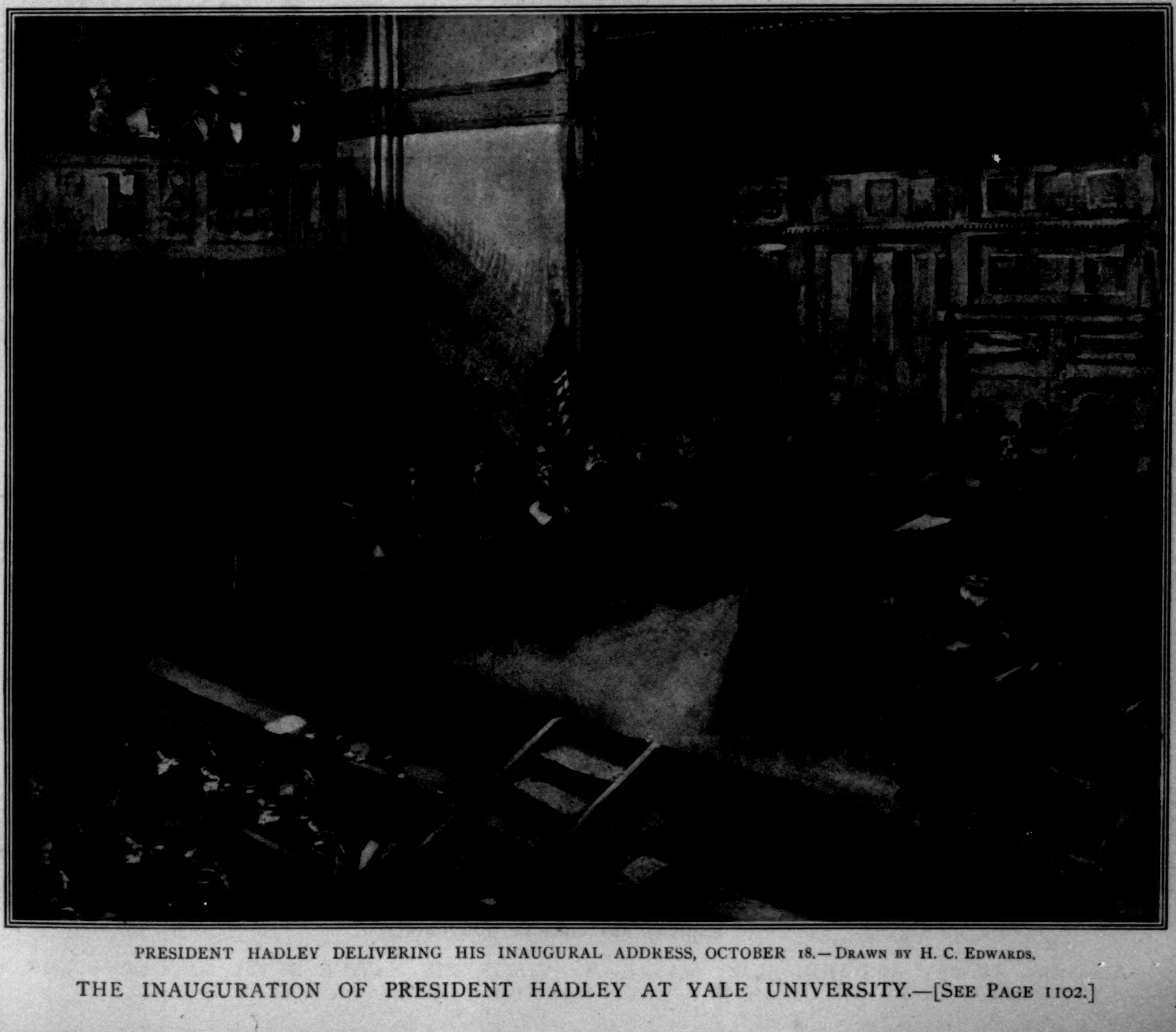
Boston makes free with Sunday for its own purposes (for geological uses, for example), but it boasts that it doesn't allow Sunday racing on its new public speedway. That is good of Boston. On New York's Speedway Sunday is the fastest and most crowded day of all the week. But Boston's country roads are near by, and New York's are not; and besides, to have all the fast animals of New York gathered in one place on Sunday makes for the repose of the rest of the town.

A VERY interesting instance of the working of conscience in the vegetable world is brought to the notice of the WEEKLY by a correspondent in Eastport, Maine, who reports that a neighboring farmer of his acquaintance—Mr. Rice—in digging potatoes last month, found one of an unusual shape. Examining it more closely, he discovered around its most contracted part a little gold ring ornamented by a pair of hearts. This ring, it seems, had been lost fifteen years before by the farmer's wife, whose supposition at the time had been that she lost it in a straw bed. The straw presumably found its way to the stable, thence to the manure-pile, and finally to the potato-field. There it remained for years, until finally it attracted the attention of this intelligent and conscientious young potato, who devoted his life to its restitution to its lawful owner.



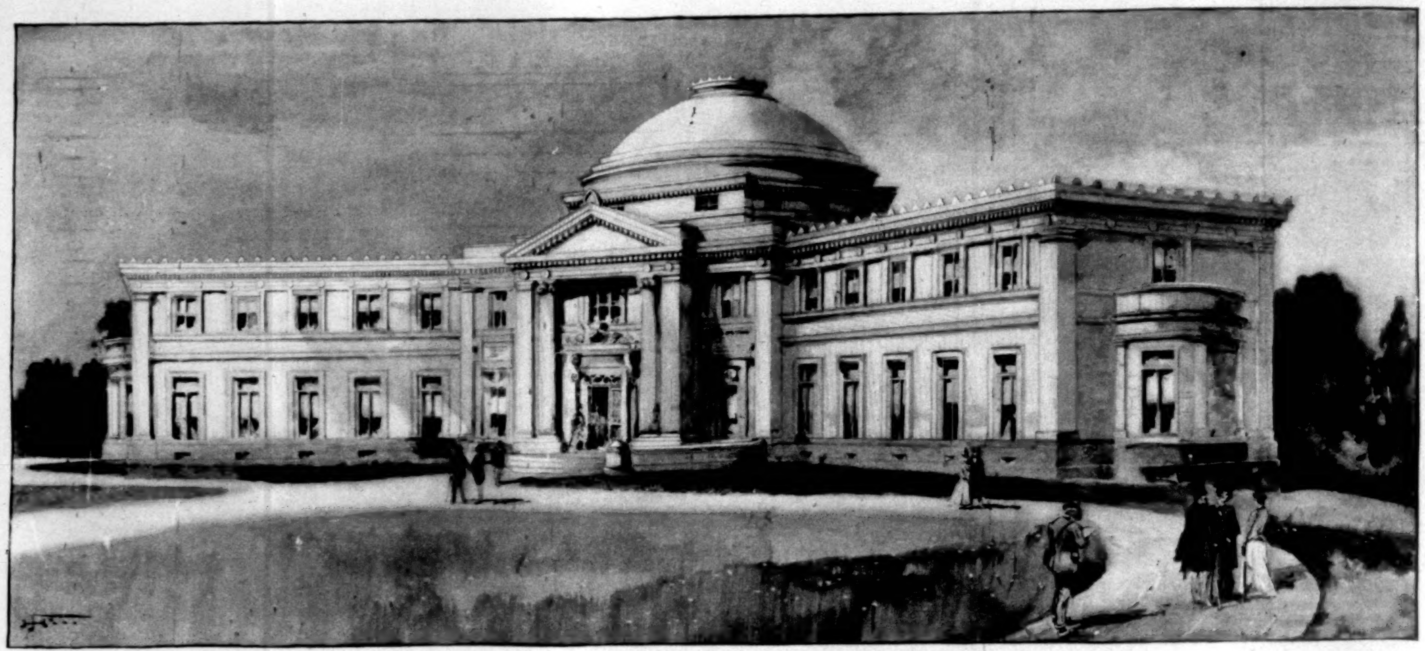
The story seems to have an important bearing on the question of the capacity of vegetables for thought. Mr. Bucknan, who sends it to the WEEKLY, is the son of a very old subscriber to both HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and gives written indication of being a gentleman of inherited discrimination and of veracity.

ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY, LL.D., PRESIDENT OF YALE UNIVERSITY.
Photograph by Pach Brothers.



PRESIDENT HADLEY DELIVERING HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS, OCTOBER 18.—Drawn by H. C. Edwards.

THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT HADLEY AT YALE UNIVERSITY.—[See Page 1102.]



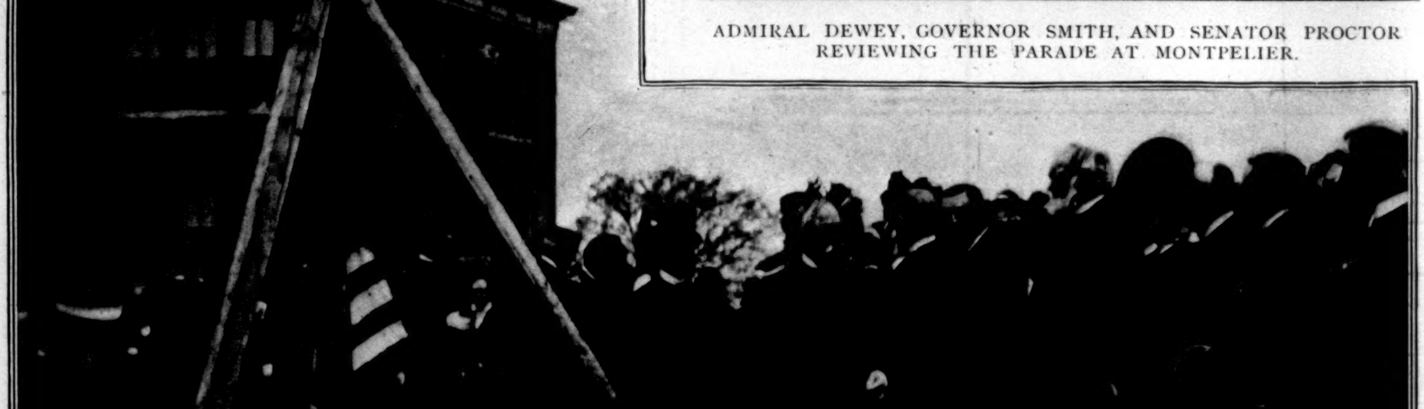
THE DEWEY MEMORIAL HALL, NORWICH UNIVERSITY.
DRAWN FROM THE PLANS OF BRADFORD L. GILBERT, ARCHITECT, BY HARRY FENN.

Admiral Dewey. Governor E. C. Smith. Bishop A. C. Hall. Senator Depew.

AS THE BAND PLAYED "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

ADMIRAL DEWEY AT NORTHFIELD.

ADMIRAL DEWEY, GOVERNOR SMITH, AND SENATOR PROCTOR REVIEWING THE PARADE AT MONTPELIER.



THE ADMIRAL ARRIVING AT NORTHFIELD.

ADMIRAL DEWEY AND HIS ALMA MATER—HE VISITS HIS NATIVE STATE, AND LAYS THE CORNER-STONE OF DEWEY HALL, NORWICH UNIVERSITY.—[SEE PAGE 1099.]

"CORN, CATTLE, AND CONTENTMENT"

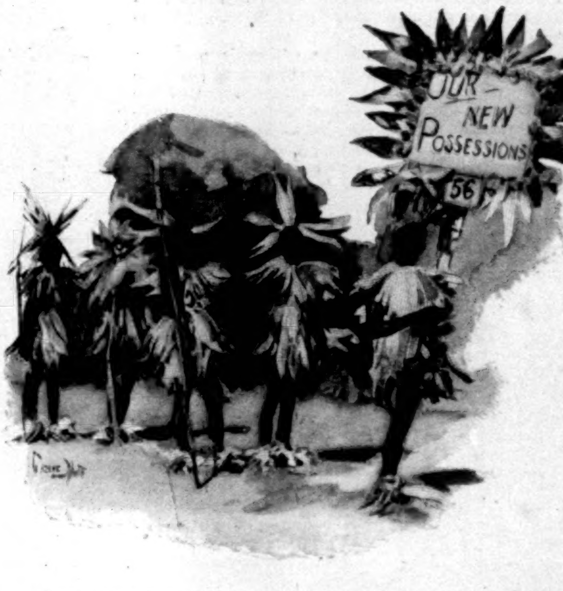
IN no section of the country has returning prosperity been greeted with more uproarious hospitality than in the corn States of the Central West. After eight or ten lean years of economy and mortgages, Kansas and Nebraska have just harvested the greatest crops in their history. They have produced something more than 300,000,000 bushels each—enough to furnish every man, woman, and child in the United States with eight bushels of food. Iowa and Missouri are only a step behind, and there are enormous yields in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, South Dakota, Oklahoma, and Texas. Indeed, the total corn crop of the country is said by competent authorities to be the largest ever grown, although the exact figures are not yet at hand. It will reach at least 2,300,000,000 bushels—some authorities place it as high as 2,500,000,000 bushels—greater by 17,000,000 bushels than the phenomenal crop of 1896; and it will bring to the farmer probably something more than $600,000,000, or nearly double the value of the year's wheat crop.

The farmers of Kansas and Nebraska could hardly believe at first in their good fortune, it was so long since the prairies had given forth a really big crop. But when the realization did come to them—that the average yield would be nearly, if not quite, 40 bushels of corn to the acre, in comparison with the 25 or, at best, the 35 bushels of previous years—the two States, in the parlance of one of their orators, "broke loose." Instead of the old-fashioned county fair, every village of any consequence instituted a street corn fair, a corn carnival, or a corn festival. Tens of thousands of dollars were expended in decorations, parades, and prizes. The farmers brought cornstalks to town from sixteen to twenty feet high; there were competitions as to who could haul in the biggest loads; there were prizes for the largest ears, for the best corn-husk figures, the most striking corn float, and so on. In several towns there were effigies in corn of William Jennings Bryan, with husk flounces, and kernels from red kissing-ears for eyes; and corn pyramids to show the greatness of the State in comparison with all other States; and corn bells and corn cannons of patriotism. One who made a railroad trip through Iowa, Nebraska, and Kansas, almost any time last month, found every other town preparing for a corn celebration, or in the midst of its throes, or just getting over it. "Gentlemen," I heard a carnival orator shout, "from the beginning of Indiana to the end of Nebraska there is nothing but corn, cattle, and contentment." And he added, a little later, "The joyful sound of the mortgager paying off his indebtedness has even pierced the dense ears of the money-changers of the East." Indeed, nothing can exceed the breezy joy, the piano and top-buggy buying enthusiasm, of the Kansan in this year of his prosperity. He is celebrating, and he does not care who knows it.

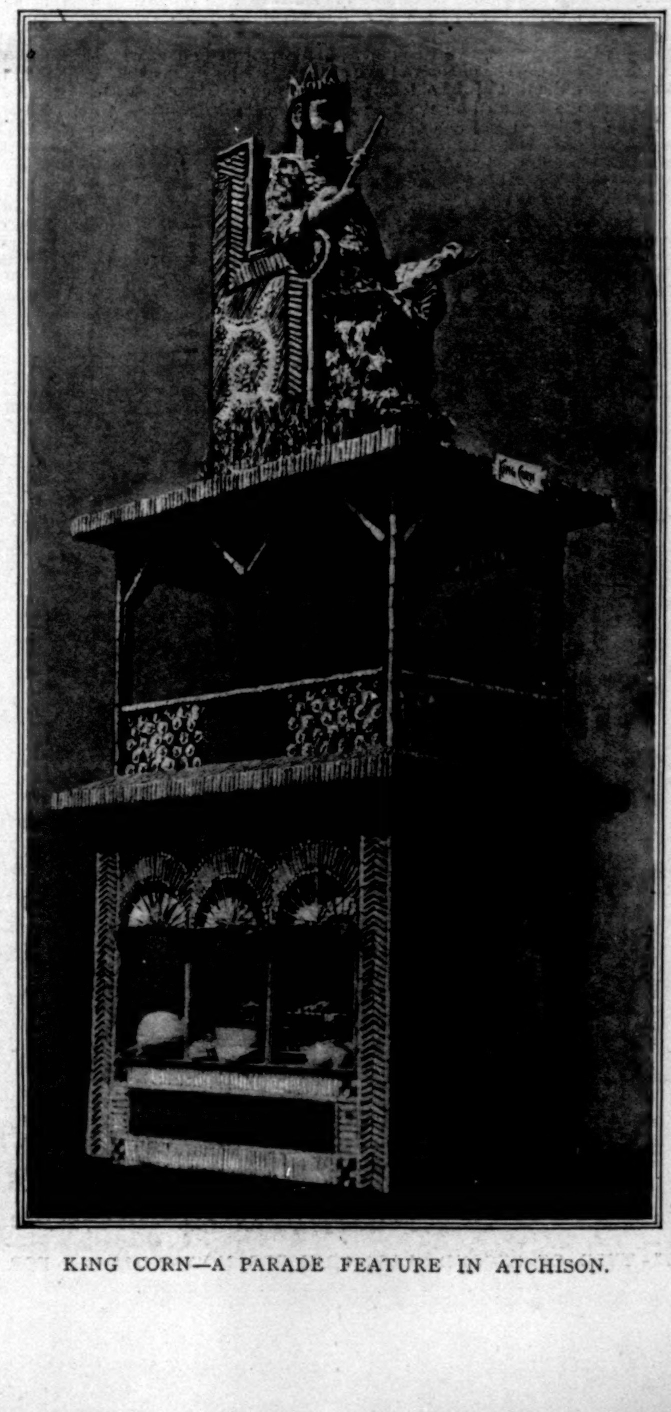
But the corn-State man has other reasons to rejoice outside of his corn crop. Only a few years ago all the farms of Kansas and Nebraska, and perhaps of some other Western States, could hardly have been sold for the face value of the mortgages which covered them. Representative Charles Curtis, of Topeka, says that the farm mortgages of his State, which in 1890 amounted to the vast total of $240,000,000, have been reduced in the current year to less than $41,000,000, so that Kansas is nearly out of debt, as are its neighboring States.

Few people in the East can form any realization of the immensity and importance of the corn crop. Much is said of wheat, the "food of civilization," but last year nearly twice as much land in the United States was planted to corn as was planted to wheat, the figures being, approximately, 78,000,000 acres and 44,000,000 acres respectively. The production of corn was nearly three times as great as that of wheat, being about 2,000,000,000 bushels, compared with 675,000,000 bushels, and this corn had a value of $552,000,000, compared with $392,770,000 for the wheat. And the farmers prefer corn-raising. Wheat must be harvested by high-priced men, threshed, and rushed to market, and sold, perhaps, at a ruinous price. Corn, after it is cut, can be husked at leisure by a comparatively small and steadily employed force of men, and if the prices are low it need not be sold at all, but manufactured into high-priced beef and pork, or even burned for fuel if coal happens to be very high. This condition is clearly shown by the statistics of the Department of Agriculture. Of a corn crop of nearly 2,000,000,000 bushels last year over 1,500,000,000 were retained and actually consumed in the country where grown, whereas of a crop of 675,000,000 bushels of wheat only about 276,000,000 bushels remained on the farm for home consumption and seeding purposes.

One of the best things about the present year's prosperity was its entire unexpectedness. Last spring many of the farmers were facing a failure in the wheat crop. The winter had so badly damaged it that in many localities farms were ploughed up and planted to corn as a sort of last hope. According to estimates in Kansas last March the acreage of corn was 7,089,299, or considerably under the total for 1898. But June showed an acreage of 8,234,560, an increase, mostly at the expense of the wheat-fields, of nearly 1,200,000 acres. This, combined with a crop that the government estimated at 106, compared with the average of 100 fixed by the statisticians, resulted in enormous yields.



OUR NEW POSSESSIONS—A PARADE FEATURE.



KING CORN—A PARADE FEATURE IN ATCHISON.

One of the first effects of the large corn crop was a rush of the farmers of the corn States to buy cattle and sheep for fattening. The Western farmer prefers to send his corn to market on foot. Corn might be low, but cattle prices were high—the highest in years—and their good corn turned into good beef promised large returns. As a consequence, the markets at Kansas City, Omaha, St. Joseph, and Chicago have all been supplying lean and young cattle to the farmers for fattening. During September Chicago sent out from 7500 to 10,000 of these "feeders" weekly. Texas ranch companies have sold their range cattle down closer than ever before, and at better prices. A single concern, the X. I. T. Ranch, sold 20,000 head of yearlings and two-year steers to the stockmen of Kansas, Missouri, and Illinois within a few weeks' time. Nearly all the corn men keep both cattle and hogs, the hogs coming after the more dainty cattle and clearing up the corn and the fodder. Beef prices, as every one knows, are high, and they are likely to remain so, inasmuch as the demand for beef is increasing, and the supply, as I pointed out in a former article, is decreasing, and therefore the farmers of the corn States have still more prosperity in store for them.

In order to obtain a clearer conception of just what prosperity means for these States of the Central West, which the old geographies put down as part of the Great American Desert, I asked several of their most prominent citizens to tell briefly of the conditions. No more remarkable showing of prosperity could be made than that contained in these statements, the first of which is from Governor W. E. Stanley, of Kansas. He has taken most of the statistics which he uses from the sworn returns of the assessors to the State Board of Argiculture. Governor Stanley writes:

"The population has increased in Kansas 87,261 in the past three years. During the last year the increase was 34,143, or 2.5 per cent. We have over 100 cities and towns with more than 1000 inhabitants. The increase in cattle during the last year has been 282,000 head, or nearly 11 per cent., the total number at this time being nearly 3,000,000. There has been an increase during the year of nearly 20,000 head of horses. These are not all of the Joe Patchen or John R. Gentry kind, although those two famous racers were products of Kansas pastures. The number of sheep has increased nearly 12 per cent. There has been a decrease in swine of over 15 per cent., but those we have are the very best. Our Kansas herds are up to the high average they were in 1893, when selections from them brought home many blue ribbons from the World's Fair. The value of animals slaughtered, or sold for slaughter, exceeded $50,000,000. The value of poultry and eggs marketed during the year was over $4,000,000, exceeding the total corn or wheat products of many of the States, and of more value than the output of the famous gold-mines at Cripple Creek.

"Our wheat crop was not good, but the estimates in connection with the result of the threshing, so far shown, place the yield at about 30,000,000 bushels. This does not include spring wheat, of which a small quantity only was sown. Our forage crops are splendid.

"Our underground resources are scarcely less remarkable than those upon the surface. At Galena we have the richest mining-camp in the world; and at Cherryvale, Pittsburg, and Iola are located some of the largest zinc-smelters in the world, operated by natural gas from Kansas gas-fields. We have petroleum in abundance, and while Kansas makes no pretension to be an oil State, yet last year it ranked eighth as an oil-producing district. The product of our salt-mines is of the very best quality, and the 'R. S. V. P.' salt from Hutchinson is in use in most first-class hotels. Cement-works are being erected in the State for the manufacture of cement, claimed to be but little inferior to the famous Portland cement.

"There has been a large increase in the volume of business in the State. The deposits in our banks have been rapidly growing, so that at this time there is on deposit in the banks of Kansas, in round numbers, $50,000,000, or an average for every man, woman, and child in the State of nearly $40. Our legal reserve is $12,000,000, and from the 1st of June to the 1st of August exceeded the legal reserve of all the banks in New York city. Kansas bonds, drawing 4 per cent. interest, are selling at a premium. Our people are prosperous, happy, and progressive."

Charles Curtis, of Topeka, Kansas, who represents the Fourth District in Congress, has this to say of the effect of prosperity on political conditions in Kansas:

"What the change of conditions in Kansas means politically can be told in a few words. It is unnecessary to give the various political changes in this State since 1890. In 1896 the Populists and Democrats, by fusion, carried the State, electing the entire State ticket, both branches of the Legislature, six out of eight members of the Lower House of Congress, and one United States Senator. In 1900 the Republicans will elect the entire State ticket, both branches of the State Legislature, eight members of the Lower House of Congress, and endorse the splendid administration of President McKinley by at least thirty thousand majority."

Senator John M. Thurston has this to say of the conditions in Nebraska:

"The crop situation in Nebraska is one of the very best in the history of the State. Our corn crop will be upwards of 300,000,000 bushels, and the report of small grain is good, except as to winter wheat, which suffered somewhat on account of the severe winter.

"The general agricultural, industrial, and financial condition in Nebraska is much better than for many years. The mortgage indebtedness of the State is being rapidly liquidated, so much so that many of our farmers are endeavoring to loan their money to neighbors; and in one of the eastern counties of our State I was recently reliably informed by a banker that he had over $2,000,000 of Eastern capital seeking investment, which he was unable to loan in his county at five per cent. One evidence of the general situation has been furnished me by the representative of one of our standard buggy companies. He tells me that he has sold to farmers in Nebraska, during the past twelve months, three times as many top-buggies as he had ever sold in any other year."

Representative John F. Lacey, of Oskaloosa, Iowa, tells of the general conditions of prosperity in Iowa:

"Iowa shares the ups and downs of our common country, but in a much less degree, because of her peculiarly fortunate situation. In all her history she has never had a crop failure.

"The commonwealth is out of debt, with a surplus in the treasury, and the State tax rate has just been reduced.

"Iowa, in 1893, shared in the depression caused by unwise tariff legislation and by the ensuing radical monetary agitation; but she was among the very first to show the results of the return of prosperity. Iowa has never had a boom, but her growth has been healthful, honest, and steady.

"Any one may attempt in vain to get more than fifteen miles away from a railway anywhere within the borders of Iowa. Rigid constitutional restrictions have generally prevented cities and towns from contracting heavy burdens of indebtedness for any purpose, and so the financial affairs of the municipalities are generally in the same happy situation as those of the State at large.

"Iowa may be very properly accounted as one of the great factors in the future progress of the nation at large, for she steadily produces the very things that the world wants, and produces them in quantities that startle the imagination when the statistics of her products are contemplated.

"The progress of the nation is material; moral and political advancement will receive its due share of aid from the people of the Hawkeye State. She has adopted as her motto, 'In all that is good, Iowa affords the best.'"

I asked Senator J. H. Kyle as to conditions in South Dakota. This is his answer:

"It is easily within the lines of accuracy to say that South Dakota is at this time enjoying a greater prosperity than has ever before been known here. Without going into figures, it may be said that during the last eighteen months the people of the State have been rapidly paying their debts out of their surplus earnings, and that less money is owed by South Dakota to-day than during any time in ten years. Settlers are coming into the State at a very rapid rate, and it is claimed that 50,000 is a conservative estimate of the addition to our population through immigration during 1899. Farm-lands have advanced in price by 25 per cent., and are still advancing.

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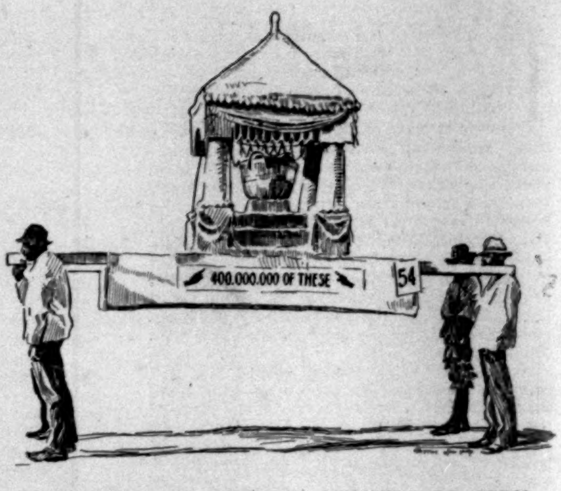

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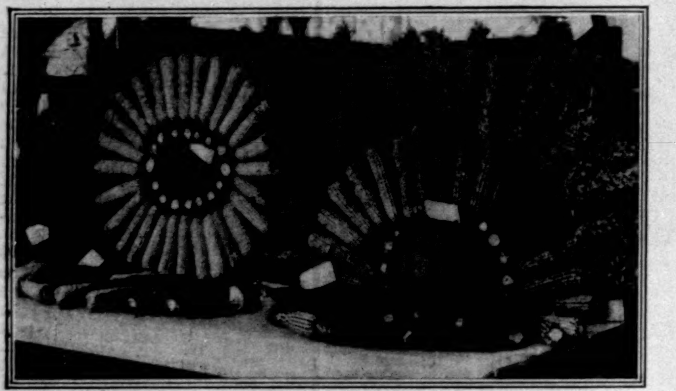

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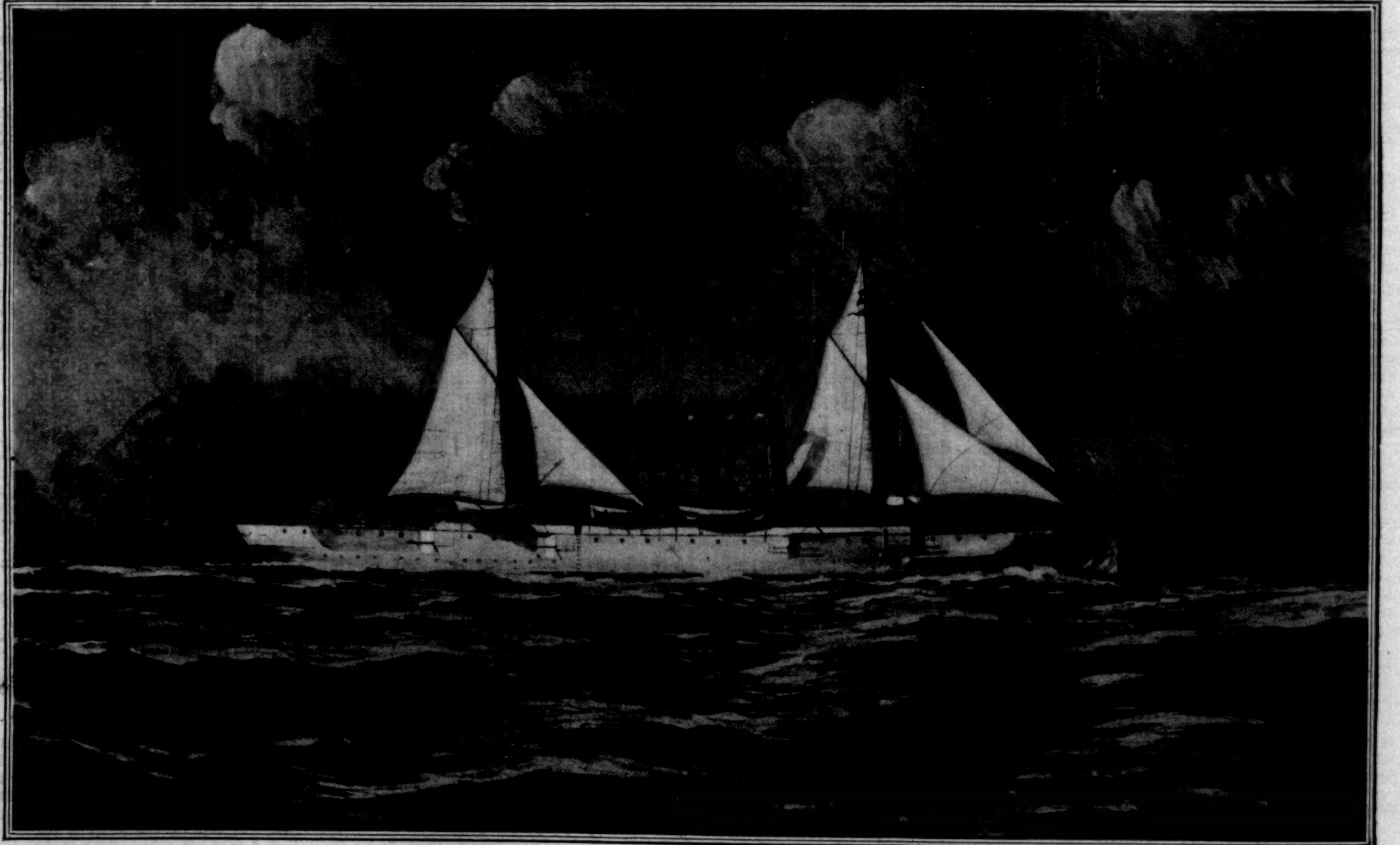

THE "CHATTANOOGA"-TYPE OF SECOND-CLASS CRUISERS NOW BUILDING FOR THE GOVERNMENT.
DRAWN FROM THE PLANS BY R. G. SKERRETT.

WITH SWORD AND CRUCIFIX. *By Edward S. Van Zile*

This story was begun September 9, 1899.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Louis de Sancerre, a noble of France, having killed a Spanish grandee in a duel for love, has come with de la Salle to try his fortune in a new world. At dead of night an old woman brings him a piece of bark, on which is scratched the name of Julia de Aquilar, for whom he has left his native land. Katonah, sister of Chatémuc, a trusted Indian guide, has become enamoured of him. De la Salle decides to send de Sancerre, Chatémuc, and Katonah to discover their midnight visitor. The story reverts to Seville, whence Don Rodrigo de Aquilar is sailing for the lands in America granted him by the Spanish King. He is accompanied by his daughter, Julia, and his secretary, Juan Rodriquez. On the voyage the latter declares to Julia his love for her, and threatens mischief in case of refusal. The vessel is wrecked. Juan Rodriquez swims with Julia to the shore, and later sees from a distance two white-robed beings carry her away. . . . La Salle's mission, to which have been added Henri de Tonti, the explorer's bosom friend, and Zenobe Membré, a Franciscan friar, reaches the "Children of the Sun," as the natives style themselves, and is hospitably received. De Sancerre defeats Cabanacte, grandson of Noco, the interpreter of the natives, in a foot-race. Noco informs him that Coyocop, a mysterious being discovered on the sea-shore by the natives, and whom they have deified, is the author of the message received by him. Chatémuc is tortured to death for attempting to extinguish the sacred fire. Membré and Katonah escape in disguise. De Sancerre discovers that Coyocop is really Julia de Aquilar. Katonah returns with a note from de la Salle. The Great Sun falls ill of a distemper, and de Sancerre is directed, under threat of death, to cure him. De Sancerre kills Manatte, nephew and heir-apparent of the king, for attempting to outrage Julia.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH DE SANCERRE WIELDS HIS SWORD AGAIN.

THE royal cabin was the largest and most pretentious dwelling-house in the City of the Sun. Its walls were made of mud, sand, and moss, and, hardened by time, had become both serviceable and sightly. The roof was formed of grass and reeds, united in a close embrace which defied the most penetrating rain or hail. Forty feet square, the main room of the palace—to give it a grandiloquent name—was furnished in a style befitting the exalted rank of its royal occupant. The Great Sun's throne was simple in construction, being nothing more than a wooden stool four feet in height, but its inherent significance was indicated by the devices with which it had been decorated by reverential and cunning hands. Beneath the throne was stretched the rarest of the King's household furnishings—a carpet made of costly furs, which, so tradition asserted, had aroused the cupidity of a Spaniard in a former generation, and still bore the stain of the life-blood which he had vainly paid in his effort to rob the feet of royalty of their most valued luxury.

The stricken chieftain lay tossing from side to side upon a couch covered with painted and embroidered deer-skins. As de Sancerre approached his patient, a group of noisy women, the wives of the Great Sun, fled toward the shadows at the farther end of the room. Following them, a white-robed, soft-footed sun-worshipper, casting a glance of malice at the Frenchman, deserted the sick King's side and stole away into the darkness. The court physician, who, through the chief priest's influence, had been succeeded by de Sancerre, had been availing himself of an opportunity to observe the effects of the Frenchman's treatment upon the fever-racked scion of the sun.

De Sancerre was not, in fact, jeopardizing his life—more than ever of value to him since he had solved the mystery of Coyocop—by risking the recovery of the Great Sun upon an answer to prayer, nor upon the chance that the royal sun-worshipper's strong constitution might resist the attack of a sudden indisposition. The Frenchman, upon his first visit to the chieftain's cabin, had quickly reached the conclusion that the Great Sun had fallen a victim to over-excitement and over-eating. De Sancerre's experience in courts and camps had long ago familiarized him with the effects which follow a nervous strain accompanied by excessive indulgence in food and drink.

The Frenchman's observant eye, trained in many climes to harvest large crops of details, had noted, as he approached the City of the Sun through a semi-tropical forest, a tree whose resinous inner bark vouchsafes to men a balsam of great curative powers. It was from this tree—the copal—that, obeying de Sancerre's directions, old Noco had obtained the ingredients for a fever-quieting draught, which had already begun to exercise a beneficent influence upon the Frenchman's royal patient.

"Thanks be to St. Maturin!" he muttered, contentedly, glancing toward the end of the room to which the King's wives and the discomfited court physician had withdrawn. "My surmise was correct. The Great Sun was too hospitable to the wandering moon. I have known more enlightened monarchs, in more highly civilized lands, to succumb to their excessive zeal for good-fellowship. Quiet, care, and a few drops of balsam are all that this old chief requires to make him a King again from top to toe. *Nom de Dieu!* another day like this one, and I'll need medicine myself! The rôle of executioner is not so bad, but a physician—*peste!* May the devil fly away with that chief priest! I fear me he's a snake. I should dare to hope that I might rescue Doña Julia from this bloodthirsty land if I could but trust that crafty Coheyogo, who's as keen as Richelieu and as slippery as Mazarin! I must keep a sharp eye upon his reverence, or he will yet cast his sacred cords around my neck!"

To de Sancerre, thus standing in silent reverie beside the Great Sun's couch, came Noco, hobbling from the entrance with hurried step. Her appearance was greeted by a more insistent chorus from the gossiping women at the end of the room, to whom the outcome of their royal husband's illness meant either life or death.

"Katonah!" panted the old crone, as she reached the Frenchman's side. "She has disappeared."

"Impossible!" exclaimed de Sancerre. "You know her not, señora. She would not leave your cabin without a word to me."

"I am not blind!" cried Noco, angrily. "My house is empty and the girl is gone. And Cabanacte—"

"What of him?" asked de Sancerre, impatiently, as Noco paused for breath.

"I told him of Katonah's flight, and he has set out in search of her."

"The traitor!" muttered the Frenchman, peering down at the old hag who had brought to him such unwelcome news. "Your grandson, Doña Noco, has abandoned the spirit for the flesh—and left Coyocop without a guard! Surely Katonah is safer in the forest than is the spirit of the sun in a city which pretends to worship her. I shall chide your grandson, Doña Noco, if I ever look upon his giant form again. But stay you here, señora. When this great son of suns awakens from his sleep give him a drink of balsam—and he'll sleep again. I go to Coyocop, and will return anon."

The moon had not yet arisen, and darkness and silence combined to cast a menacing spell upon the impressionable City of the Sun. De Sancerre's spirits were at a low ebb as he groped his way toward Doña Julia's unguarded cabin. The reaction from a day of excitement had come upon him, and the gloom of the deserted square did not tend toward the restoration of his former cheerfulness. It was true that he had escaped death through a combination of circumstances which apparently had won for him the good-will of the chief priest, but the outlook for the immediate future was not promising. De la Salle could not return from the south for several weeks, even if he and his followers escaped the perils which might menace them as they approached the mouth of the great river. Cabanacte, to whom de Sancerre had looked for the aid which might make his escape with the Spanish girl possible, had betrayed friendship at the instigation of a stronger passion. His return from the forest might be long delayed. As he approached the hut in which his grateful eyes had rested upon the pale, sweet face of Julia de Aquilar, de Sancerre felt a sinking of the heart, a sensation of utter hopelessness, which was an unacceptable novelty to the vivacious Frenchman, against whose sanguine temperament the shafts of despair had heretofore been powerless.

As he stationed himself, with rapier in hand, before the entrance to Coyocop's sacred cabin, there was nothing in his surroundings to relight the flame of hope in de Sancerre's soul. Clouds had begun to darken the eastern sky, revoking its promise of a moonlit night. A moaning wind, damp and chill, had stolen from its lair in the forest to annoy a fickle city with its cold, moist kiss. The world seemed to be made of sighs and shadows. The great square in front of him, dark and deserted, strove to deceive the Frenchman with its tale of an abandoned town. Now and then the voice of some devout sun-worshipper, raised in hoarse prayer, would penetrate the walls of a hut and bear witness to the city's swarming life.

After a time there came upon de Sancerre the impression that piercing black eyes watched him as he strode up and down in front of the silent, shadow-haunted hut, in which the strange chances of life had imprisoned the only woman who had ever aroused in his mocking soul the precious passion of romantic love. He cut the darkness with his eager glance, but suspicion was not replaced by certainty. Nevertheless, the feeling grew strong within him that the night wind toyed with white robes not far away, and that stealthy footsteps reached his ears on either hand.

By a strong effort of will, de Sancerre routed the sensation of mingled consternation and impotence which the chill gloom and the presence of prying spies had begotten, and drawing close to the doorway of Doña Julia's cabin, hummed an ancient love-ballad born of the troubadours. The song had died in the damp embrace of the roving wind, when the silence was broken by a voice which reached de Sancerre's grateful ears from the entrance to the hut.

"Speak not in Spanish, and in whispers only, Mademoiselle de Aquilar!" exclaimed the Frenchman, in a low voice, not changing his attitude of a swordsman doing duty as a sentinel. "There are listening ears upon all sides of me. If we converse in French, they'll think we use the tongue of sun or moon."

"I heard your voice, monsieur. Is there great danger if we talk awhile?"

"I hardly know," answered de Sancerre, striving again to read the secrets of the night. "But listen, for when the chance may come to me to speak to you again I do not know. Be ready at any moment, at a word from me, to leave this hut. I'll use old Noco for my messenger, when I have made my plans. I dare not flee with you to-night, for, as I speak, I see the ghostly menace of a skulking temple priest. There'd be no safety for us beyond the town. Alas! we must abide our time."

"But, oh, my heart is light, monsieur," whispered the girl, from whose Spanish tongue the French words made rich music as they fell. "If this be not a dream, it cannot be that you have come in vain. One night I heard my father's voice in paradise. He spoke to me of you; and when old Noco told me that by the river there were white-faced men, I heard his voice again—and wrote my name upon the bark. It is a miracle, monsieur!"

"A miracle indeed!" exclaimed de Sancerre, chafing under the tyranny of his grim surroundings, and distrustful of an overpowering inclination to bend down and clasp the girl's hand in his. "But the devil and the sun-priests, mademoiselle, are in league against us. Pray to the saints that we may foil them both! *Ma foi!* a half-done miracle is worse than none. But this I promise you, that whether you and I be playthings of a heartless Fate, or the favored wards of Mother Mary and her Son, I'll plot and scheme and fight until I save you from captivity, or pay the price of death. And so, good-night! I dare not let you linger longer where you are, for already these white-robed spies are growing restless at our talk, and I hear them muttering in the darkness there, as if in resentment of my converse with their deity."

A suppressed sob told de Sancerre how much his presence meant to the lonely girl.

"Can we not leave this awful place at once?" she moaned. "Forgive me, monsieur, but it has been so long since I have seen a ray of hope in this black hole that every moment since I knew that you were here seemed a year. May Mother Mary guard you through the night! 'Tis well I love my prayers, monsieur! I will not sleep."

"Nay, mademoiselle, 'tis well to pray, but not to lose your sleep. You'll need the saints anon—but also strength. Sleep, Doña Julia, for the love of—God! And so, good-night! I'll watch beside your door until these slinking scoundrels have gone to feed their sacred fire."

No sound save the complaining of the restless wind broke the stillness of the night, which had grown blacker as its age increased. Suddenly de Sancerre, as agile as a cat, sprang forward, barely in time to escape the clutch of remorseless arms. Turning, like a thunder-bolt he drove his sword through a white-robed night-prowler, who died at his feet without a groan. So sudden and noiseless had been the attack and its fatal defence that it had not recalled Doña Julia to the entrance to the hut. On the instant, old Noco grasped de Sancerre by the arm, and, turning in anger, the Frenchman found himself confronted by Coheyogo.

"I've killed another snake, señora!" exclaimed de Sancerre, grimly, pointing to a white mass at his feet. "Will you say to the chief priest, Doña Noco, that I should more highly prize his friendship if he kept his temple priests from off my back?"

Coheyogo muttered a few words to the aged interpreter.

"The man you've slain has been rebellious and deserves his fate. He disobeyed a strict command," said Noco, repeating the chief priest's curt comment. "He'll place a guard of trusty priests before the door of Coyocop, that you and I may seek the Great Sun's side."

"How kind he is!" muttered de Sancerre, petulantly. "A pretty plight this is for a Count of Languedoc! I'm tired of this Coheyogo's domineering ways! But still, I dare not cross him now. Come, señora," he exclaimed, in Spanish, turning towards the King's cabin and groping his way through the black night. "I trust my sword will find no more to do to-night! It has had a busy day."

CHAPTER XXII.

IN WHICH THE CITY OF THE SUN ENJOYS A FÊTE.

THE moon of strawberries had been succeeded by the moon of old corn, and there was joy in the land of the sun-worshippers. In other words, the month of April had gone by, and the month of May had found the Great Sun's grateful subjects making ready to celebrate his restoration to health by national games and a thanksgiving feast.

The laggard weeks had told many a flattering tale of hope to Count Louis de Sancerre, but at the end of a month's sojourn in the City of the Sun he still found himself, in all essential particulars, a helpless stranger in a fickle and jealous land, honored by the Great Sun and the chief priest and admired by the people, but closely watched by sharp black eyes, from which flashed gleams of malice and suspicion. Impatient and impetuous though he was, the Frenchman dared not force the issue to a crisis. Easy of accomplishment as the kidnapping of Coyocop seemed to be, de Sancerre realized that he would rush to certain death if he took a false step and attempted a rescue hampered by his ignorance of the surrounding country and of the movements of Sieur de la Salle. Day succeeded day, and no word came from the river to the pale and haggard Frenchman, whose only joy in life during those dreary weeks sprang from the voice of Julia de Aquilar, which reached his grateful ears now and then as he prowled around her cabin late at night. Even this source of delight he was obliged to forego after a time, receiving from the chief priest a broad hint regarding the dangers which menaced a stranger in the town after dark, and learning from Noco that Coheyogo had discovered in the temple the existence of a fanatical faction among the sun-priests which had sworn to overcome de Sancerre's moon-magic by physical force.

But it was Cabanacte's failure to return from his quest of Katonah that had wound the strongest cord around the Frenchman's hands. Could he have had the giant's assistance at this crisis, de Sancerre felt confident that any one of a number of schemes which he had been obliged to reject for lack of an ally could have been forced to the goal of success. But Cabanacte had disappeared, had made no further sign; and old Noco, to whom her grandson was as an open book, had said, sadly, to de Sancerre, that the youth would not return.

The restless and wellnigh discouraged Frenchman had, through his success as a physician, won the enthusiastic gratitude of the Great Sun, who had insisted upon making his Brother of the Moon the honored guest of the royal cabin, within which de Sancerre was compelled, much against his will, to spend the major portion of the time, talking to the convalescent King by the aid of Noco's nimble tongue.

It was the dawn of a cloudless day near the middle of the moon of old corn when de Sancerre, opening his eyes after a night of dreamless, restful sleep, enjoyed for a moment that sensation of physical well-being which suggests the possibility that nature harbors no enmity to man. Outside the royal cabin the morning vibrated with the melody of birds and the distant murmurs of a forest springing gladly into life. There was movement and bustle inside the hut, and de Sancerre turned lazily upon his gayly bedecked couch to watch the Great Sun as he paid homage to his risen god. With a spotless white robe flowing from his royal shoulders, the King, still feeble from his recent illness, stood in the centre of the room, gravely lighting his calumet from a live ember which one of his wives held out to him. Then striding toward the dawn-beset exit to the cabin, which led straight to the rising sun, the convalescent chief blew three puffs of tobacco smoke toward the deified orb of day.

"*Pardieu!*" muttered de Sancerre, "if they would but sacrifice more tobacco and less blood to their shining god, this city would not be so repulsive to a man of tender heart." The Frenchman had thrown his slim legs over the side of the plaited bed, and sat gazing at the sun-chief with a quizzical smile upon his clean-cut, thin, and colorless face. Suddenly upon the air of morning arose the shouts of a joyful multitude approaching the Great Sun's cabin. As if born of the dawn, the noisy throng poured into the square, carrying to the palace of their King offerings of fruit, flowers, vegetables, meats, and fish. Into the cabin crowded the smiling, chattering sun-worshippers, their white teeth gleaming and their black eyes flashing fire as they piled their gifts around the Great Sun's hand-painted throne, interfering with de Sancerre's toilet, but treating him with the respect due to unable to loan in his county at five per cent. One evidence of the general situation has been furnished me by the representative of one of our standard buggy companies. He tells me that he has sold to farmers in Nebraska, during the past twelve months, three times as many top-buggies as he had ever sold in any other year."

Representative John F. Lacey, of Oskaloosa, Iowa, tells of the general conditions of prosperity in Iowa:

"Iowa shares the ups and downs of our common country, but in a much less degree, because of her peculiarly fortunate situation. In all her history she has never had a crop failure.

"The commonwealth is out of debt, with a surplus in the treasury, and the State tax rate has just been reduced.

"Iowa, in 1893, shared in the depression caused by unwise tariff legislation and by the ensuing radical monetary agitation; but she was among the very first to show the results of the return of prosperity. Iowa has never had a boom, but her growth has been healthful, honest, and steady.

"Any one may attempt in vain to get more than fifteen miles away from a railway anywhere within the borders of Iowa. Rigid constitutional restrictions have generally prevented cities and towns from contracting heavy burdens of indebtedness for any purpose, and so the financial affairs of the municipalities are generally in the same happy situation as those of the State at large.

"Iowa may be very properly accounted as one of the great factors in the future progress of the nation at large, for she steadily produces the very things that the world wants, and produces them in quantities that startle the imagination when the statistics of her products are contemplated.

"The progress of the nation is material; moral and political advancement will receive its due share of aid from the people of the Hawkeye State. She has adopted as her motto, 'In all that is good, Iowa affords the best.'"

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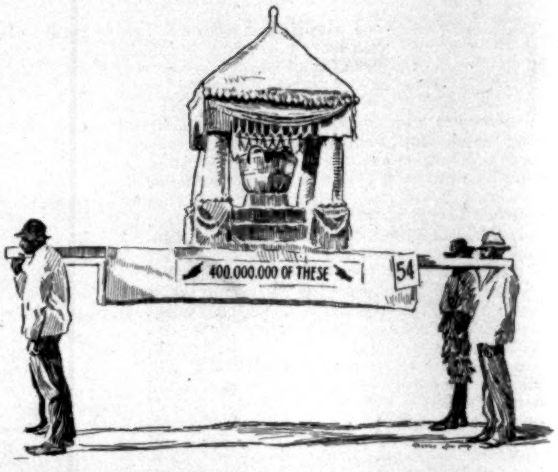

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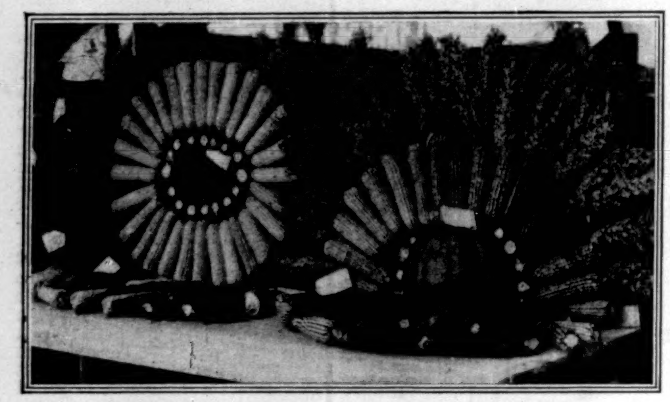

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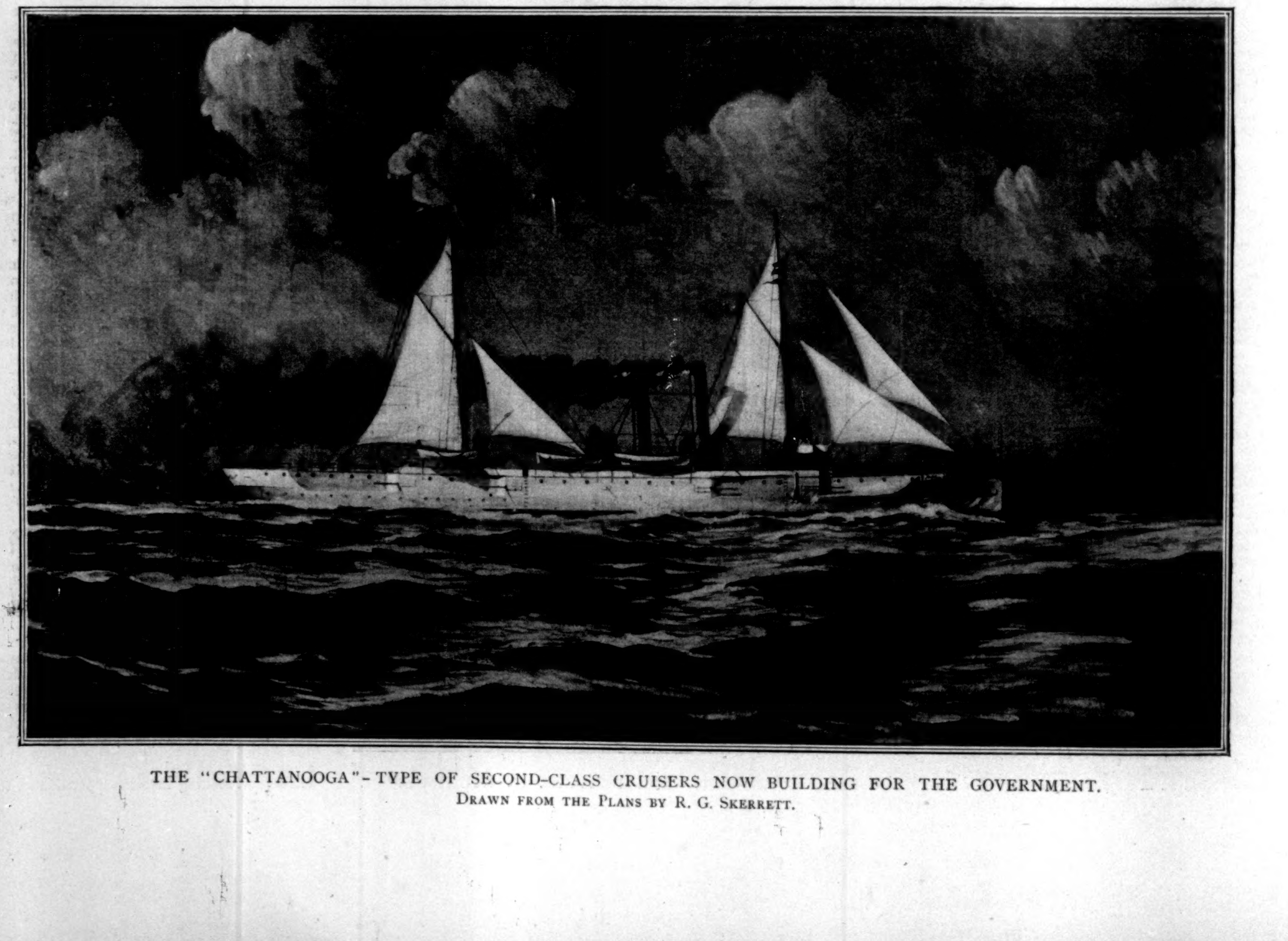
Congressional limit of cost, $1,141,800 each.

R. G. Skerrett.



THE "CHATTANOOGA"-TYPE OF SECOND-CLASS CRUISERS NOW BUILDING FOR THE GOVERNMENT.

Drawn from the Plans by R. G. Skerrett.

WITH SWORD AND CRUCIFIX. *By Edward S. Van Zile*

This story was begun September 9, 1899.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Louis de Sancerre, a noble of France, having killed a Spanish grandee in a duel for love, has come with de la Salle to try his fortune in a new world. At dead of night an old woman brings him a piece of bark, on which is scratched the name of Julia de Aquilar, for whom he has left his native land. Katonah, sister of Chatémuc, a trusted Indian guide, has become enamoured of him. De la Salle decides to send de Sancerre, Chatémuc, and Katonah to discover their midnight visitor. The story reverts to Seville, whence Don Rodrigo de Aquilar is sailing for the lands in America granted him by the Spanish King. He is accompanied by his daughter, Julia, and his secretary, Juan Rodriquez. On the voyage the latter declares to Julia his love for her, and threatens mischief in case of refusal. The vessel is wrecked. Juan Rodriquez swims with Julia to the shore, and later sees from a distance two white-robed beings carry her away.... La Salle's mission, to which have been added Henri de Tonti, the explorer's bosom friend, and Zenobe Membré, a Franciscan friar, reaches the "Children of the Sun," as the natives style themselves, and is hospitably received. De Sancerre defeats Cabanacte, grandson of Noco, the interpreter of the natives, in a foot-race. Noco informs him that Coyocop, a mysterious being discovered on the sea-shore by the natives, and whom they have deified, is the author of the message received by him. Chatémuc is tortured to death for attempting to extinguish the sacred fire. Membré and Katonah escape in disguise. De Sancerre discovers that Coyocop is really Julia de Aquilar. Katonah returns with a note from de la Salle. The Great Sun falls ill of a distemper, and de Sancerre is directed, under threat of death, to cure him. De Sancerre kills Manatte, nephew and heir-apparent of the king, for attempting to outrage Julia.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH DE SANCERRE WIELDS HIS SWORD AGAIN.

THE royal cabin was the largest and most pretentious dwelling-house in the City of the Sun. Its walls were made of mud, sand, and moss, and, hardened by time, had become both serviceable and sightly. The roof was formed of grass and reeds, united in a close embrace which defied the most penetrating rain or hail. Forty feet square, the main room of the palace—to give it a grandiloquent name—was furnished in a style befitting the exalted rank of its royal occupant. The Great Sun's throne was simple in construction, being nothing more than a wooden stool four feet in height, but its inherent significance was indicated by the devices with which it had been decorated by reverential and cunning hands. Beneath the throne was stretched the rarest of the King's household furnishings—a carpet made of costly furs, which, so tradition asserted, had aroused the cupidity of a Spaniard in a former generation, and still bore the stain of the life-blood which he had vainly paid in his effort to rob the feet of royalty of their most valued luxury.

The stricken chieftain lay tossing from side to side upon a couch covered with painted and embroidered deer-skins. As de Sancerre approached his patient, a group of noisy women, the wives of the Great Sun, fled toward the shadows at the farther end of the room. Following them, a white-robed, soft-footed sun-worshipper, casting a glance of malice at the Frenchman, deserted the sick King's side and stole away into the darkness. The court physician, who, through the chief priest's influence, had been succeeded by de Sancerre, had been availing himself of an opportunity to observe the effects of the Frenchman's treatment upon the fever-racked scion of the sun.

De Sancerre was not, in fact, jeopardizing his life—more than ever of value to him since he had solved the mystery of Coyocop—by risking the recovery of the Great Sun upon an answer to prayer, nor upon the chance that the royal sun-worshipper's strong constitution might resist the attack of a sudden indisposition. The Frenchman, upon his first visit to the chieftain's cabin, had quickly reached the conclusion that the Great Sun had fallen a victim to over-excitement and over-eating. De Sancerre's experience in courts and camps had long ago familiarized him with the effects which follow a nervous strain accompanied by excessive indulgence in food and drink.

The Frenchman's observant eye, trained in many climes to harvest large crops of details, had noted, as he approached the City of the Sun through a semi-tropical forest, a tree whose resinous inner bark vouchsafes to men a balsam of great curative powers. It was from this tree—the copal—that, obeying de Sancerre's directions, old Noco had obtained the ingredients for a fever-quieting draught, which had already begun to exercise a beneficent influence upon the Frenchman's royal patient.

"Thanks be to St. Maturin!" he muttered, contentedly, glancing toward the end of the room to which the King's wives and the discomfited court physician had withdrawn. "My surmise was correct. The Great Sun was too hospitable to the wandering moon. I have known more enlightened monarchs, in more highly civilized lands, to succumb to their excessive zeal for good-fellowship. Quiet, care, and a few drops of balsam are all that this old chief requires to make him a King again from top to toe. *Nom de Dieu!* another day like this one, and I'll need medicine myself! The rôle of executioner is not so bad, but a physician—*peste!* May the devil fly away with that chief priest! I fear me he's a snake. I should dare to hope that I might rescue Doña Julia from this bloodthirsty land if I could but trust that crafty Coheyogo, who's as keen as Richelieu and as slippery as Mazarin! I must keep a sharp eye upon his reverence, or he will yet cast his sacred cords around my neck!"

To de Sancerre, thus standing in silent reverie beside the Great Sun's couch, came Noco, hobbling from the entrance with hurried step. Her appearance was greeted by a more insistent chorus from the gossiping women at the end of the room, to whom the outcome of their royal husband's illness meant either life or death.

"Katonah!" panted the old crone, as she reached the Frenchman's side. "She has disappeared."

"Impossible!" exclaimed de Sancerre. "You know her not, señora. She would not leave your cabin without a word to me."

"I am not blind!" cried Noco, angrily. "My house is empty and the girl is gone. And Cabanacte—"

"What of him?" asked de Sancerre, impatiently, as Noco paused for breath.

"I told him of Katonah's flight, and he has set out in search of her."

"The traitor!" muttered the Frenchman, peering down at the old hag who had brought to him such unwelcome news. "Your grandson, Doña Noco, has abandoned the spirit for the flesh—and left Coyocop without a guard! Surely Katonah is safer in the forest than is the spirit of the sun in a city which pretends to worship her. I shall chide your grandson, Doña Noco, if I ever look upon his giant form again. But stay you here, señora. When this great son of suns awakens from his sleep give him a drink of balsam—and he'll sleep again. I go to Coyocop, and will return anon."

The moon had not yet arisen, and darkness and silence combined to cast a menacing spell upon the impressionable City of the Sun. De Sancerre's spirits were at a low ebb as he groped his way toward Doña Julia's unguarded cabin. The reaction from a day of excitement had come upon him, and the gloom of the deserted square did not tend toward the restoration of his former cheerfulness. It was true that he had escaped death through a combination of circumstances which apparently had won for him the good-will of the chief priest, but the outlook for the immediate future was not promising. De la Salle could not return from the south for several weeks, even if he and his followers escaped the perils which might menace them as they approached the mouth of the great river. Cabanacte, to whom de Sancerre had looked for the aid which might make his escape with the Spanish girl possible, had betrayed friendship at the instigation of a stronger passion. His return from the forest might be long delayed. As he approached the hut in which his grateful eyes had rested upon the pale, sweet face of Julia de Aquilar, de Sancerre felt a sinking of the heart, a sensation of utter hopelessness, which was an unacceptable novelty to the vivacious Frenchman, against whose sanguine temperament the shafts of despair had heretofore been powerless.

As he stationed himself, with rapier in hand, before the entrance to Coyocop's sacred cabin, there was nothing in his surroundings to relight the flame of hope in de Sancerre's soul. Clouds had begun to darken the eastern sky, revoking its promise of a moonlit night. A moaning wind, damp and chill, had stolen from its lair in the forest to annoy a fickle city with its cold, moist kiss. The world seemed to be made of sighs and shadows. The great square in front of him, dark and deserted, strove to deceive the Frenchman with its tale of an abandoned town. Now and then the voice of some devout sun-worshipper, raised in hoarse prayer, would penetrate the walls of a hut and bear witness to the city's swarming life.

After a time there came upon de Sancerre the impression that piercing black eyes watched him as he strode up and down in front of the silent, shadow-haunted hut, in which the strange chances of life had imprisoned the only woman who had ever aroused in his mocking soul the precious passion of romantic love. He cut the darkness with his eager glance, but suspicion was not replaced by certainty. Nevertheless, the feeling grew strong within him that the night wind toyed with white robes not far away, and that stealthy footsteps reached his ears on either hand.

By a strong effort of will, de Sancerre routed the sensation of mingled consternation and impotence which the chill gloom and the presence of prying spies had begotten, and drawing close to the doorway of Doña Julia's cabin, hummed an ancient love-ballad born of the troubadours. The song had died in the damp embrace of the roving wind, when the silence was broken by a voice which reached de Sancerre's grateful ears from the entrance to the hut.

"Speak not in Spanish, and in whispers only, Mademoiselle de Aquilar!" exclaimed the Frenchman, in a low voice, not changing his attitude of a swordsman doing duty as a sentinel. "There are listening ears upon all sides of me. If we converse in French, they'll think we use the tongue of sun or moon."

"I heard your voice, monsieur. Is there great danger if we talk awhile?"

"I hardly know," answered de Sancerre, striving again to read the secrets of the night. "But listen, for when the chance may come to me to speak to you again I do not know. Be ready at any moment, at a word from me, to leave this hut. I'll use old Noco for my messenger, when I have made my plans. I dare not flee with you to-night, for, as I speak, I see the ghostly menace of a skulking temple priest. There'd be no safety for us beyond the town. Alas! we must abide our time."

"But, oh, my heart is light, monsieur," whispered the girl, from whose Spanish tongue the French words made rich music as they fell. "If this be not a dream, it cannot be that you have come in vain. One night I heard my father's voice in paradise. He spoke to me of you; and when old Noco told me that by the river there were white-faced men, I heard his voice again—and wrote my name upon the bark. It is a miracle, monsieur!"

"A miracle indeed!" exclaimed de Sancerre, chafing under the tyranny of his grim surroundings, and distrustful of an overpowering inclination to bend down and clasp the girl's hand in his. "But the devil and the sun-priests, mademoiselle, are in league against us. Pray to the saints that we may foil them both! *Ma foi!* a half-done miracle is worse than none. But this I promise you, that whether you and I be playthings of a heartless Fate, or the favored wards of Mother Mary and her Son, I'll plot and scheme and fight until I save you from captivity, or pay the price of death. And so, good-night! I dare not let you linger longer where you are, for already these white-robed spies are growing restless at our talk, and I hear them muttering in the darkness there, as if in resentment of my converse with their deity."

A suppressed sob told de Sancerre how much his presence meant to the lonely girl.

"Can we not leave this awful place at once?" she moaned. "Forgive me, monsieur, but it has been so long since I have seen a ray of hope in this black hole that every moment since I knew that you were here seemed a year. May Mother Mary guard you through the night! 'Tis well I love my prayers, monsieur! I will not sleep."

"Nay, mademoiselle, 'tis well to pray, but not to lose your sleep. You'll need the saints anon—but also strength. Sleep, Doña Julia, for the love of—God! And so, good-night! I'll watch beside your door until these slinking scoundrels have gone to feed their sacred fire."

No sound save the complaining of the restless wind broke the stillness of the night, which had grown blacker as its age increased. Suddenly de Sancerre, as agile as a cat, sprang forward, barely in time to escape the clutch of remorseless arms. Turning, like a thunder-bolt he drove his sword through a white-robed night-prowler, who died at his feet without a groan. So sudden and noiseless had been the attack and its fatal defence that it had not recalled Doña Julia to the entrance to the hut. On the instant, old Noco grasped de Sancerre by the arm, and, turning in anger, the Frenchman found himself confronted by Coheyogo.

"I've killed another snake, señora!" exclaimed de Sancerre, grimly, pointing to a white mass at his feet. "Will you say to the chief priest, Doña Noco, that I should more highly prize his friendship if he kept his temple priests from off my back?"

Coheyogo muttered a few words to the aged interpreter.

"The man you've slain has been rebellious and deserves his fate. He disobeyed a strict command," said Noco, repeating the chief priest's curt comment. "He'll place a guard of trusty priests before the door of Coyocop, that you and I may seek the Great Sun's side."

"How kind he is!" muttered de Sancerre, petulantly. "A pretty plight this is for a Count of Languedoc! I'm tired of this Coheyogo's domineering ways! But still, I dare not cross him now. Come, señora," he exclaimed, in Spanish, turning towards the King's cabin and groping his way through the black night. "I trust my sword will find no more to do to-night! It has had a busy day."

CHAPTER XXII.

IN WHICH THE CITY OF THE SUN ENJOYS A FÊTE.

THE moon of strawberries had been succeeded by the moon of old corn, and there was joy in the land of the sun-worshippers. In other words, the month of April had gone by, and the month of May had found the Great Sun's grateful subjects making ready to celebrate his restoration to health by national games and a thanksgiving feast.

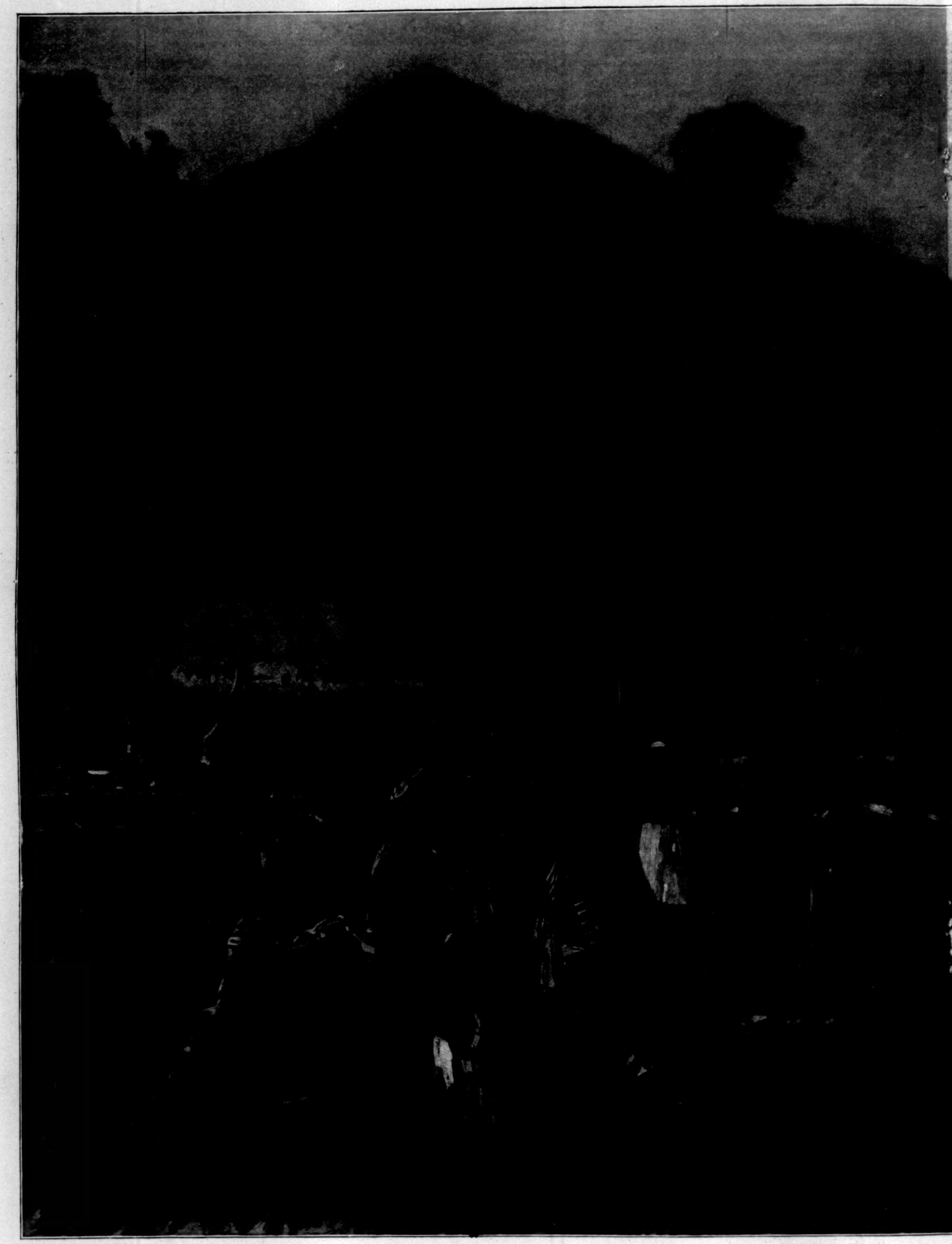
The laggard weeks had told many a flattering tale of hope to Count Louis de Sancerre, but at the end of a month's sojourn in the City of the Sun he still found himself, in all essential particulars, a helpless stranger in a fickle and jealous land, honored by the Great Sun and the chief priest and admired by the people, but closely watched by sharp black eyes, from which flashed gleams of malice and suspicion. Impatient and impetuous though he was, the Frenchman dared not force the issue to a crisis. Easy of accomplishment as the kidnapping of Coyocop seemed to be, de Sancerre realized that he would rush to certain death if he took a false step and attempted a rescue hampered by his ignorance of the surrounding country and of the movements of Sieur de la Salle. Day succeeded day, and no word came from the river to the pale and haggard Frenchman, whose only joy in life during those dreary weeks sprang from the voice of Julia de Aquilar, which reached his grateful ears now and then as he prowled around her cabin late at night. Even this source of delight he was obliged to forego after a time, receiving from the chief priest a broad hint regarding the dangers which menaced a stranger in the town after dark, and learning from Noco that Coheyogo had discovered in the temple the existence of a fanatical faction among the sun-priests which had sworn to overcome de Sancerre's moon-magic by physical force.

But it was Cabanacte's failure to return from his quest of Katonah that had wound the strongest cord around the Frenchman's hands. Could he have had the giant's assistance at this crisis, de Sancerre felt confident that any one of a number of schemes which he had been obliged to reject for lack of an ally could have been forced to the goal of success. But Cabanacte had disappeared, had made no further sign; and old Noco, to whom her grandson was as an open book, had said, sadly, to de Sancerre, that the youth would not return.

The restless and wellnigh discouraged Frenchman had, through his success as a physician, won the enthusiastic gratitude of the Great Sun, who had insisted upon making his Brother of the Moon the honored guest of the royal cabin, within which de Sancerre was compelled, much against his will, to spend the major portion of the time, talking to the convalescent King by the aid of Noco's nimble tongue.

It was the dawn of a cloudless day near the middle of the moon of old corn when de Sancerre, opening his eyes after a night of dreamless, restful sleep, enjoyed for a moment that sensation of physical well-being which suggests the possibility that nature harbors no enmity to man. Outside the royal cabin the morning vibrated with the melody of birds and the distant murmurs of a forest springing gladly into life. There was movement and bustle inside the hut, and de Sancerre turned lazily upon his gayly bedecked couch to watch the Great Sun as he paid homage to his risen god. With a spotless white robe flowing from his royal shoulders, the King, still feeble from his recent illness, stood in the centre of the room, gravely lighting his calumet from a live ember which one of his wives held out to him. Then striding toward the dawn-beset exit to the cabin, which led straight to the rising sun, the convalescent chief blew three puffs of tobacco smoke toward the deified orb of day.

"*Pardieu!*" muttered de Sancerre, "if they would but sacrifice more tobacco and less blood to their shining god, this city would not be so repulsive to a man of tender heart." The Frenchman had thrown his slim legs over the side of the plaited bed, and sat gazing at the sun-chief with a quizzical smile upon his clean-cut, thin, and colorless face. Suddenly upon the air of morning arose the shouts of a joyful multitude approaching the Great Sun's cabin. As if born of the dawn, the noisy throng poured into the square, carrying to the palace of their King offerings of fruit, flowers, vegetables, meats, and fish. Into the cabin crowded the smiling, chattering sun-worshippers, their white teeth gleaming and their black eyes flashing fire as they piled their gifts around the Great Sun's hand-painted throne, interfering with de Sancerre's toilet, but treating him with the respect due to



THE PHILIPPINES—AN IGORROTE VILLAGE

Drawn by G. W. Peters, Special Artist fo

AGE IN THE MOUNTAINS BACK OF MANILA.

IST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 1099.]

a son of the full moon, in whose magic they had reason to rejoice.

Half dressed, and somewhat weary of the glad uproar, de Sancerre, having withdrawn to a distant corner of the hut, stood watching a ceremony which was destined to replenish the royal larder, when he felt a tug at his arm, and looking down, met the keen eyes of Noco.

"'Tis from Coyocop," she muttered, slipping into his hand a piece of mulberry bark. The corner in which he stood was not well lighted, but de Sancerre was able at length to decipher the scrawl made by Julia de Aquilar. Her words were few.

"Eat no fish at to-day's banquet," ran the message

De Sancerre glanced down at the old hag questioningly, but there was nothing in her face to suggest that she understood the warning which had been scratched upon the bark. The moment seemed to be ripe for putting into operation a plan upon which de Sancerre's mind had been at work for several days.

"Tell me, señora," he said, observing with satisfaction that no prying eyes were fixed upon them at that moment, "would it please you to find your grandson Cabanacte, and lure him from the forest to his home?"

There was a gleam in her small, black eyes as they met his which assured de Sancerre that he had pressed a finger upon the beldam's dearest wish.

"It cannot be done," she croaked, turning her back to him as if about to mingle with the laughing throng. De Sancerre seized her by the arm.

"Listen, Noco," he urged, bending down to whisper eager Spanish into her old ears. "Coyocop and I, going to the forest side by side, could find Cabanacte and the maiden from the north. Tell this to Coyocop, that I will come to her when the banquet nears its end at dark. I leave the rest to you, for you must lead us from the city to the woods. The moon of old corn will give us light to-night to find your grandson in the forest glades or where the river floweth toward the sea. Will you take my word to her?"

"*Si, señor*," muttered Noco, gazing up at de Sancerre with eyes which strove to read his very soul. "But if we fail—if Coyocop is missed—it will be death for you and me."

"We cannot fail, señora, for the full moon is my god! We'll find your Cabanacte ere the night is old—and none will ever know. And now, begone! Between the setting of the sun and the rising of the moon I'll come to you and Coyocop. Be true to me, and by the magic of my silver wand you'll look upon your grandson's face to-night."

In another moment Noco, eluding the Great Sun's glance as she stole between the tall sun-worshippers, had crept from the cabin into the rosy light of day.

The hours which followed her departure passed like long days to de Sancerre. He watched the Great Sun's wives as they became surfeited with the petty tyranny which they exercised at the expense of a throng of lesser women, upon whom rested the drudgery necessitated by the approaching feast. Cares of state—an inventory of the tribute paid to his divine right—occupied the attention of the King until noon had long been passed, and left de Sancerre to his own devices. Seated at the entrance to the cabin, the Frenchman could observe what was passing in the sunny square outside, while he still kept an eye upon the Great Sun and his busy household. Half-naked boys and girls, gay with garlands of flowers, were arranging long lines of wooden benches in front of the royal dwelling, under the direction of a master of ceremonies who had escaped death with his King.

The bench upon which the Great Sun, the chief priest, and de Sancerre, the nation's guest, were to sit stood just in front of the King's cabin, and had been covered with painted skins and surrounded by a carpet of magnolia blossoms.

As the hour for the banquet approached, the joyful sun-worshippers gathered in groups at the further end of the square, awaiting a signal from royalty to seat themselves upon the benches, hot by this time from the glare of a cloudless day. Gayety, suppressed but impatient, reigned in the City of the Sun. Black eyes flashed above smiling lips, and now and then a chorus of happy voices would raise a chant in praise of a deity who had blessed the earth with fecund warmth. Even the stealthy, silent, keen-eyed temple priests failed to cast a damper upon the joyous children of the sun as they mingled with the throng or lurked in the shadow of their skull-crowned palisade.

The banquet had been under way for more than an hour before de Sancerre, seated between the Great Sun and Coheyogo, had been able to revive the hope which had sprung up in his breast earlier in the day. His environment, as it met his eyes at the outset of the feast, seemed to preclude all possibility of a successful issue to the plan which he had impulsively put into operation. A group of plebeians, watching the nobility as it made merry—apparently at the King's expense, but in reality at theirs—stood directly in front of Coyocop's abode, and were laughingly driving de Sancerre's heart into his pointed shoes. Would the gaping throng disperse as the sun sank low in the sky, and leave to the Frenchman one chance in a thousand for the triumph of his daring scheme? The hours, as they passed, left de Sancerre less and less self-confident, while they increased the joyous hilarity of the feasters among whom he sat. The mud-made walls of the houses on either side of him had begun to throw long shadows across the square before de Sancerre was able to cull from his surroundings a bud of hope. It sprang from the tongue of Noco, who, as she passed behind his back, muttered, in Spanish:

"I will touch your arm at dark. Then follow me."

At that moment the woman serving the royal table placed before the Great Sun and his guests of honor bits of bark, upon which rested fish still hissing from the heat of a wood fire. De Sancerre, who had turned to nod to Noco, caught a gleam of excitement in the black eyes of the serving-woman who had stretched her scrawny brown arms between him and the chief priest. As he faced the feast again, the fish in front of him recalled the written warning which he had received that morning from Julia de Aquilar.

"Eat no fish at to-day's banquet," repeated de Sancerre to himself. "'Twas good advice, I think. I'll let this schemer, Coheyogo, eat my dish." Acting upon the impulse of the moment, the Frenchman touched the chief priest upon the arm, and, as Coheyogo's black eyes met his, he made a gesture toward the retreating form of Noco, as if he invoked the aid of the temple to recall the interpreter to his side. The spontaneity of de Sancerre's action had its effect upon the sun-priest, for he turned instantly and called aloud to the double-tongued and two-faced hag. With a rapidity and deftness worthy of a prestidigitateur, de Sancerre transposed the fragments of fish-laden bark upon the bench, and as Coheyogo resumed his former attitude he was confronted, unknowingly, with a dish with which a fanatical but disobedient priest, hating moon-magic, had tampered.

There is but short shrift given to the day when the sun deserts it in southern climes. Twilight had already begun to cast a gloom upon the feast, against which the forced gayety begotten of cinnamon-flavored wine could not prevail, when de Sancerre again felt old Noco's touch upon his arm. Before he turned to her, the Frenchman, whose heart was beating wildly beneath his rusty velvets, cast a glance at the Great Sun. To his great satisfaction, he discovered that his royal patient had wholly disregarded the warning vouchsafed by his recent illness, and had been indulging in the pleasures of the table to an extent that had placed again in jeopardy the lives of those of his subjects who were doomed to accompany him in state to the spirit-land. But it was the condition of Coheyogo at that moment which gave to de Sancerre the greater cause for joy. The chief priest sat blinking down at a half-eaten fish, as if he struggled vainly to read the grim secret which it held. Now and then his head would drop forward as if he had been overcome by sleep. Then, by an effort of will, he would straighten his spine and attempt to collect his thoughts. The Frenchman watched him searchingly for a moment, and observed with delight that the struggle which the chief priest was making against a slothful but resistless foe would end in full defeat.

"*Ma foi!*" muttered de Sancerre, as he crawled softly from between the intoxicated State and the bedrugged Church into the shadow into which Noco had stolen, "had I not learned a trick or two in camps, 'tis I who would be nodding, not Coheyogo. I would I could remain to see the outcome of this contest between a poison and a snake!"

Noco had grasped him by the arm, and in another instant de Sancerre found himself stealing toward Doña Julia's cabin through the darkest corner of the crowded square. Either the saints, or the moon-god, or senseless chance granted the Frenchman favors at that crucial hour; for, as he approached Coyocop's sacred abode, well-nigh hidden from sight beneath hillocks of cut flowers, a group of enthusiasts at the feast, still unconquered by the fermented juice of the cassia-berry, had mounted the food-stained benches, and raised a maudlin, monotonous chant, in which the on-looking plebeians accompanied them. Even the sun-priests, heated by the epidemic of gayety which had seized the town, had left their sacred fire to the care of a chosen few, and were now mingling with the shouting, dancing, delirious multitude upon a pretext of good-fellowship, which was not too well received.

"Wait here, señor," whispered Noco, in a guttural voice which shook with excitement, pushing de Sancerre against the wall at the rear of Doña Julia's hut. "Don't stir until I return. I fear some priest may still be watching me."

The old crone disappeared around the corner of the cabin, and de Sancerre stood trying to swallow his insistent heart, as he listened to the uproar in the square, and presently to the voice of Julia de Aquilar whispering to Noco almost at his very side.

"Come," hissed Noco, at his shoulder, seizing him by the wrist, and dragging Doña Julia toward the black shelter of the forest by the other hand. "No word! No rest! There will be no safety for us until we reach the trees."

Followed through the gloom by the harsh discord of a mad town's revelry, Doña Julia de Aquilar, of Seville, and Count Louis de Sancerre, of Languedoc, linked together by a wrinkled beldam, who looked at that moment like a grinning witch escaping to the wilds with the helpless victims of her spite, hurried, with hearts growing lighter with every step, toward a pathless wilderness, in which a thousand lurking perils would menace them at every turn.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MR. DOOLEY*

VI.—ANGLO-AMERICAN SPORTS

THE reasons for Mr. Dooley's presence in England are not exactly known. Perhaps he is here for pleasure. Probably not. It may be that the English government will learn suddenly and unpleasantly of the connection between the hurried departure of Mr. Dooley and Mr. Hennessy from Chicago and certain resolutions passed at a secret meeting of the Wolf Tones last May. Let Balfour tremble! At any rate, here he is, with his heels on the window-sill of an inn called "The Cat and Compasses," and with him Mr. Hennessy. He laid aside his paper, after a vain attempt to comprehend the mysteries of that tragedy of national life called a test cricket-match, and rubbing his spectacles, said:

"Hinnissy, if iver we have war with what me fri'nd Carl Schurz 'd call th' Mother Counthry, it 'll not come fr'm anny Vinnyzwalan quistion. Ye can't get me excited over th' throbbin' debate on th' location iv th' Orynocoo River, or whether th' miners that go to Alaska f'r gold ar-re buried be th' Canajeen or th' American authorities. Ye bet ye can't. But some day we'll be beat in a yacht-r-race or done up at futball, an' thin what Hogan calls th' dogs iv war 'll break out iv th' kennel and divastate th' wurruld."

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, complacently, "if we wait f'r that, we might as well disband our navy."

"I dinnaw about that," said Mr. Dooley; "I dinnaw about that. Afther ye left to investigate th' ir'n foundhries an' other pitcheresque roons iv this misguided counthry, I wint out to give a few raw rahs f'r me fellow-colleajeens, who was attimptin' to dimonsthrate their supeeryority over th' effete scholars iv England at what I see be th' pa-apers is called th' Olympian games. Ye get to th' Olympian games be suffocation in a tunnel. Whin ye come to, ye pay four shillin's, or a dollar in our degraded currency, an' stand in th' sun an' look at th' Prince iv Wales. Th' Prince iv Wales looks at ye too, but he don't see ye.

"Me fri'nd th' American ambassador was there, an' manny iv th' seats iv larnin' in th' gran' stand was occupied be th' flower iv our seminaries iv meditation or thought conservatories. I r-read it in th' pa-apers. At th' time I come in they was recitin' a pome fr'm th' Greek, to a thoughtful-lookin' young profissor wearin' th' star-spangled banner f'r a neck-tie, an' smokin' a cigareet. 'Now, boys,' says th' profissor, 'all together.' 'Rickety Lord Quex, co-ex, co-ex, hullabaloo, bozoo, bozoo, Harvard,' says th' lads. I was that proud iv me belovid counthry that I wanted to take off me hat there an' thin an' give th' colledge yell iv the Ar-rchey Avnoo reform school. But I was resthrained be a fri'nd iv mine that I met comin' over. He was fr'm Matsachoosetts, an', says he, 'Don't make a disturbance,' he says. 'We've got to create a fav'rable impression here,' he says. 'Th' English,' he says, 'niver shows enthusyasm,' he says. ''Tis regarded as unpolite,' he says. 'If ye yell,' he says, 'they'll think we want to win,' he says, 'an' we didn't come over here to win,' he says. 'Let us show thim,' he says, 'that we're gintlemen, be it iver so painful,' he says. An' I resthrained mesilf be puttin' me fist in me mouth.

"They was an Englishman standin' behind me, Hinnissy, an' he was a model iv behavyour f'r all Americans intindin' to take up their homes in Cubia. Ye cuddent get this la-ad war-rmed up if ye built a fire under him. He had an eye-glass pinned to his face, an' he niver even smiled whin a young gintleman fr'm Harvard threw a sledge-hammer wan mile two inches. A fine la-ad, that Harvard man; but if throwin' th' hammer's sport, thin th' rowlin'-mills is th' athletic cintre iv our belovid counthry. Whin an Englishman jumped further thin another la-ad, me fri'nd th' Ice-box says he, 'H'yah, h'yah.' So, whin an American la-ad lept up in th' air as though he'd been caught be th' anchor iv a baloon, I says 'H'yah, h'yah,' too. Whin a sign iv th' effete aristocracy iv England done up siv'ral free-bor-rn Americans fr'm Boston in a fut-r-race, me fri'nd th' Farthest North he grabs his wan glass eye an', says he, 'Well r-run, Cambridge,' he says—'well r-run,' he says. An' 'Well r-run, whativer colledge ye're fr'm,' says I, whin wan iv our la-ads jumped over a fence ahead iv some eager but conservative English scholars.

"Well, like a good game, it come three an' three. Three times had victhry perched upon our banner, an' thrice—I see it in th' pa-aper—had th' flag iv th' mother-counthry proclaimed that Englishmen can r-run. It was thrying on me nerves, an' I wanted to yell whin th' tie was r-run off; but th' man fr'm Matsachoosetts says, 'Contain ye'ersilf,' he says. 'Don't allow ye'er frenzied American spirit to get away with ye'er manners,' he says. 'Observe,' he says, 'th' ca'm with which our brother Anglo-Saxon views th' scene,' he says. 'Ah!' he says, 'they're off, an', be th' jumpin' George Wash'nton, I bet ye that fellow fr'm West Newton 'll make that red-headed, long-legged, bread-ballasted Englishman look like thirty cints. Hurroo!' he says. 'Go on, Harvard!' he says. 'Go on,' he says. 'Rah, rah, rah,' he says. 'Ate him up, chew him up,' he says. 'Harvard!' he says.

"I looked ar-round at th' ca'm, dispassyonate Englishman. He dhropped his eye-glass so he cud see th' race, an' he had his cane in th' air. 'Well r-run,' he says. 'Well r-run, Cambridge,' he says. 'Pull him down,' he says. 'Run over him,' he says. 'Thrip him up,' he says. 'They can't r-run,' he says, 'except whin they're Ph'lipinos behind thim,' he says. 'Well r-run,' he says—'well r-run!' he says, an' he welted th' man fr'm Matsachoosetts with his cane. 'Be careful what ye're doin' there,' says th' Anglo-Saxon. 'If it wasn't f'r th' 'liance I'd punch ye're head off,' he says. 'An,' says th' ca'm Englishman, 'if it wasn't f'r our common hurtage,' he says, 'I'd make ye jump over th' gran' stand,' he says. 'Th' English always cud beat us r-runnin',' says th' sage iv Matsachoosetts. 'Th' Americans start first an' finishes last,' says th' Englishman. An' I had to pull thim apart.

"Whether it is that our American colleajeens spinds too much iv their lung-power in provin' their devotion to what Hogan calls their Almy Matthers or not, I dinnaw; but, annyhow, we had to dhrag th' riprisintative iv our branch iv th' Anglo-Saxon an' Boheemyan civilization in th' three-mile race fr'm undher two thousand iv our cousins or brothers-in-law that was ca'mly an' soberly, but hurriedly an' noisily, chargin' acrost th' thrack to cheer their own man.

"Me fri'nd fr'm Matsachoosetts was blue as we winded our way to th' sthrangulation railway an' started back f'r home. 'I'm sorry,' he says, 'to lose me temper,' he says, 'but,' he says, 'afther all th' pretinded affection iv these people f'r us,' he says, 'an' afther all we've done f'r thim in Alaska an'—an' iverywhere,' he says, 'an' thim sellin' us coal whin they might 've sold it to th' Spanyards if th' Spanyards 'd had th' money,' he says, 'to see th' conduct iv that coarse an' brutal Englishman—' 'Th' wan that won th' r-race?' says I. 'Yes,' he says. 'No, I mean th' wan that lammed me with his cane,' he says. 'If it hadn't been,' he says, 'that we're united,' he says, 'be a common pathrimony,' he says, 'I'd 've had his life,' he says. 'Ye wud so,' says I, 'an' ye're r-right,' I says. 'If all th' la-ads enthered into th' r-races with th' same spirit ye show now,' I says, 'th' English flag 'd be dhroopin' fr'm th' staff, an' Cyrus Bodley, iv Wadham, Mass., 'd be paintin' th' stars an' sthripes on th' Nelson monnymint an' makin' it look like a barber's pole,' I says. 'Whin we hated th' English,' I says, 'an' a yacht-r-race was li'ble to end in a war message fr'm th' Prisidint, we used to bate thim,' I says. 'Now,' says I, 'whin we're afraid to injure their feelin's,' I says, 'an' whin we 'pologise befure we punch, they bate us,' I says. 'They're used to 'pologizin' with wan hand an' punchin' with th' other,' I says. 'Th' on'y way is th' way iv me cousin Mike,' I says. 'He was a gr-reat rassler, an' whin he had a full Nelson on th' foolish man that wint again' him, he used to say, "Dear me, am I breakin' ye'er neck? I hope so."'

"But th' Matsachoosetts man didn't see it that way. An' some time, I tell ye, Hinnissy, an' Englishman 'll put th' shot wan fut further than wan iv our men—th' Lord save us fr'm th' disgrace!—an' th' nex' day, we'll invade Canada."

"We ought to do it annyhow," said Mr. Hennessy, stoutly.

"We wud," said Mr. Dooley, "if we were sure we cud lave it aftherwards."

F. P. Dunne.

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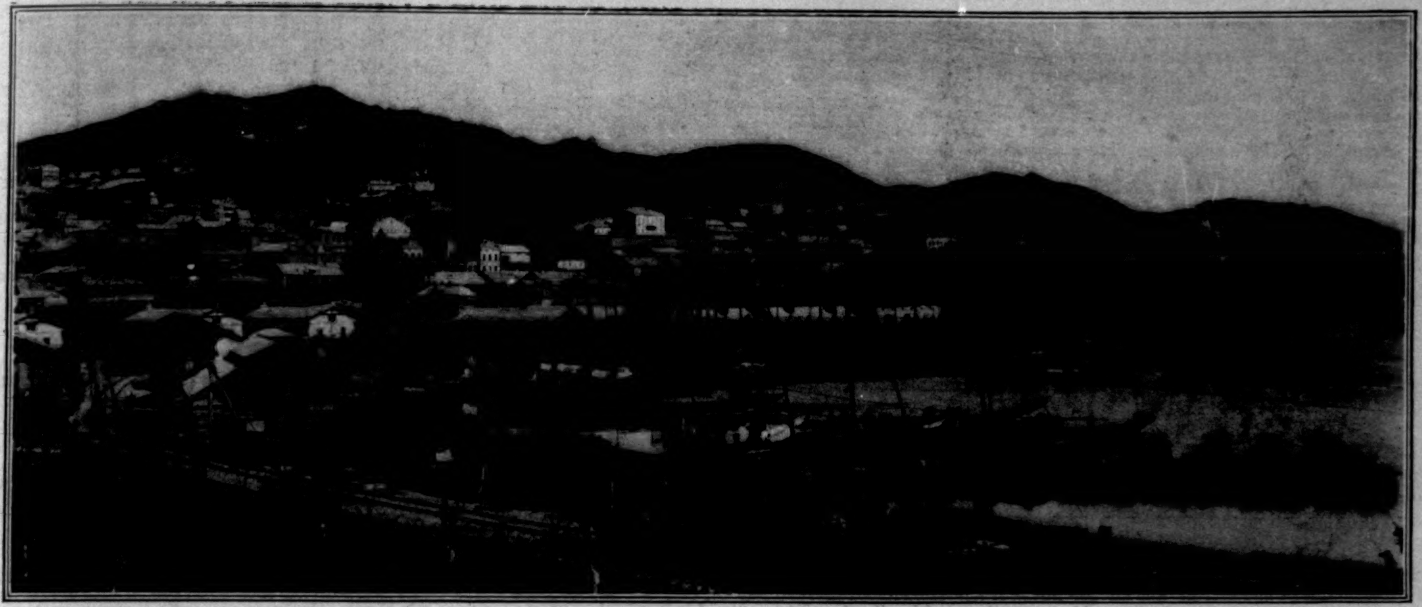


PANORAMIC VIEW OF VLADIVOSTOK.

SIBERIA AS A FIELD FOR AMERICANS

"GO West, young man; go West to the Far East," may be the slogan for the American youth of the coming century. Siberia, once scorned by all nations, is now proving herself a rival of our Western wheat States, while Manchuria is pouring millions of dol- s into this country for machinery and other necessary oplies. What the possibilities are if American manu- turers and merchants ever really evince a desire to trol the trade of this new country is beyond computa- n, but so far it has been with great difficulty that our nufacturers have been persuaded to enter into busi- relations with Russia's eastern provinces. In fact, sia has done more in the last two years to open up to American manufactures than America has ever e for herself. Not only that, but to-day she is openly ressing her desire to bring Siberia and our Pacific st into close trade relationship, and backing her friend- xpression in a most substantial manner commercially.

Caucasian.
Americans.
Austrian.
American.
Russian Convict.
Korean.
Merchant of Vladivostok.
Chinese Boy.
German.
Amur Native.

VLADIVOSTOK—A CHARACTERISTICALLY COSMOPOLITAN GROUP.

pending the past summer in Manchuria and eastern eria, I was astounded by the almost miraculous ges that have taken place in the country during the two years, and nearly all of these changes due to erican influence and the introduction of Yankee ma- ery and methods. Cities have risen up in waste es as though called up through the ground by some ldin with his wonderful lamp. Completed railroads run through territory which was unexplored two mers ago, and these railways from cross-ties to loco- ives are of American make, the very rails being put n by Yankee track-laying machinery and tools.

ver ten million people have been brought under the uieting influences of civilization, and their wants of ay will become their necessities of to-morrow. Wheat- ls are springing up everywhere, and American flour- s are being erected. From European Russia a steady of population is being poured into the country by government. Whole villages arrive and are located, ol-houses are built, and education begins its work. Harbin, the centre of the entire railway system, from ch point the iron rails run through Manchuria in ev- direction, American steam-rollers crush the rock for halting the streets, and Yankee ice-plants provide fort for the workers, while this city of thousands, ch was a barren waste less than a year ago, is to-day liantly lighted by electric lamps.

another year, when the Trans-Siberian Railroad is pleted, an ever-increasing influx of population will poured into this section. Russia has evinced a disposition to make it understood that all that part of Asia which comes under her domination will remain open to American trade—this, no doubt, as the price of America's non-interference. European Russia cannot compete with America, as freight over 6000 miles of railroad would quickly eat up all chance of profits on goods sold at a fair price; while but 4500 miles by water separate Manchuria from America, and the Amur River is navigable to almost every part of the interior. Ours is the water-way.

This, then, in brief, is the situation in northern Asia, which Russia invites young America to take advantage of. Russia needs our help in her Far Eastern provinces, as she has always needed Germans and Frenchmen at home, and she offers exceptional inducements and great advantages; but she expects us to do what Germany and France have always done in the past—send our best brains, and men who can both understand the institutions of the country and speak its language. And any young man who shrinks from the task of learning Russian should remain at home. Russia wants the best we have to give, and she will give her best rewards in return.

Already there are many young Americans in Siberia and Manchuria. I do not know of one of them who is not doing well; some of them are wealthy, and a few extremely so. In the big cities the largest and finest business houses are branches of American firms, and Pacific business houses are constantly establishing offices and agencies.

While I was in Vladivostok this summer several Americans representing large firms in the States stopped at the same hotel, which, by-the-way, is just having its French system of electric lighting removed, and is inviting American estimates. These men, sent out at a large expense to look the country over and secure business, remained at the hotel for a week or two, and then sailed for home, disgusted with the prospects. Not one of them spoke a word of Russian, yet they reported Siberia a desert waste, devoid of interest, where no orders could be secured. In the same city was another American, who spoke the language fluently; he took orders for machinery, lumber, tools, etc., in two or three weeks, aggregating hundreds of thousands of dollars, and refused orders for as much more. He had studied the language, and knew the needs of the country.

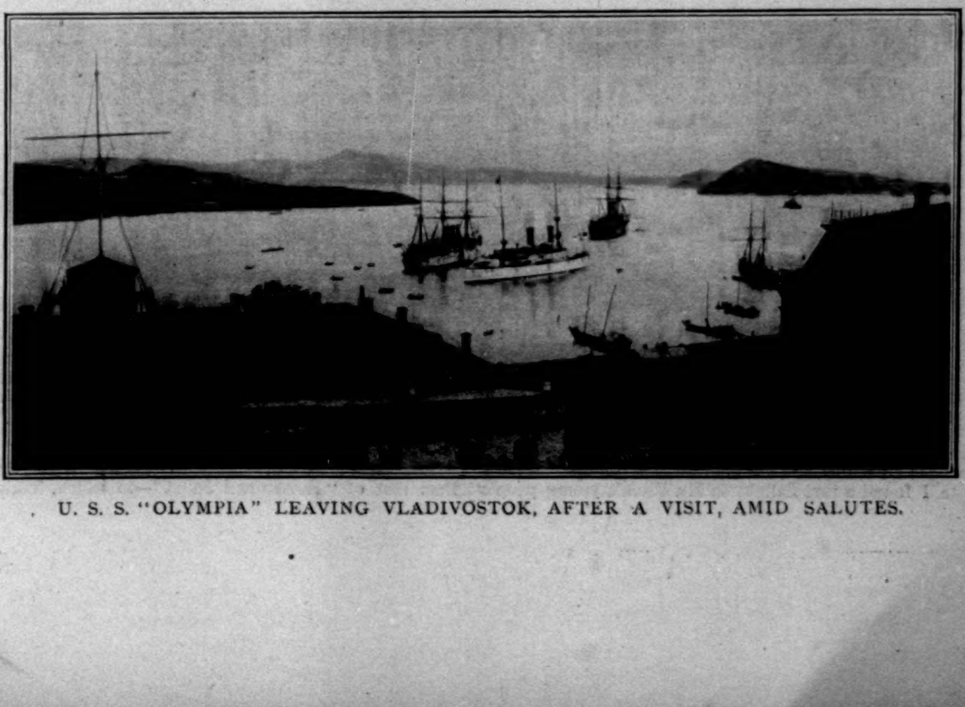
This year a young American from the Pacific coast, who had been in Vladivostok for a couple of years, eking out a precarious existence, started out through the country as a salesman. He had learned the language, and his first trip proved so successful that he has given up all idea of returning to America, and has started in business for himself.

Another young American, who was struggling here two years ago, is now an employé of the Chinese Eastern Railway at Port Arthur, at a salary of several thousand rubles per annum. In Harbin, in the very heart of Manchuria, a young Pittsburger has just located himself, and, with a knowledge of French and German to start with, he is doing well, with every prospect of accumulating a large fortune as soon as he masters the Russian tongue; for, being an American, he is popular with the railway engineers, and they are the power in northern Asia. In Port Arthur there are several Americans; in fact, the only really excellent building in this centre of Russian and Chinese activity is the office and storehouse of an American firm.

From Port Arthur this summer several Americans have gone into Manchuria to prospect for gold, and as the Russian government advances money to *bona fide* miners and buys the entire output of the gold-mines, there is some degree of stability in the venture.

Not every American will succeed in Siberia. For the college professor there is little demand. In Vladivostok there is one gymnasium, and private schools are discouraged, although many wealthy families retain English or French tutors for their children. Vladivostok boasts also of but one drug-store, the government having decided that a city of 30,000 can support but one chemist properly, and that to employ more would only lead to cutting prices and adulteration. Foreigners are usually taxed anywhere up to 2000 rubles for doing business in Siberia, but doubtless, under present friendly relations, this tax may be abolished; however, as will be seen from the above, every business is protected from too active competition.

One serious deprivation must be noted. In Vladivostok good water is not procurable, the milk is often the product of consumptive cows, and the aerated waters soon pall on the palate; accordingly, every one drinks either beer or vodka, which is far stronger than whiskey, though in the low damp climate of Vladivostok its effect is not so readily noted. In fact, the physicians recommend drinks that stir the blood, stating that the atmosphere is



U. S. S. "OLYMPIA" LEAVING VLADIVOSTOK, AFTER A VISIT, AMID SALUTES.

so depressing that without stimulants no one can keep his health, and to an extent this is true.

In the banks, and, in fact, in every office, small boys are employed to keep the samovar going summer and winter, and to see that a glass of boiling-hot tea is kept on every clerk's desk. All day long the clerks and officials imbibe hot tea and smoke cigarettes; every one smokes; and at first to see a sedate-looking young woman sitting in an office at a type-writing machine, clicking away, and at the same time solemnly smoking the inevitable cigarette, rather takes one aback; but it is the custom in Siberia, and no one thinks anything of it.

In a few years Port Arthur or its port, Tailenwan, thirty miles away, will be the all-American centre for Americans in the Far East; it is the new terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railway. Efforts are now being made to have a Transpacific line connect San Francisco with Port Arthur before the completion of the Great Asiatic Transcontinental Railroad next year, but at present Vladivostok is still the key to Manchuria and the doorway of American interests in northern Asia. Just now, more than ever, it is imperative that we be well represented at the only consular port in all Siberia. That the proper man can open up the entire country to American manufacturers goes without saying, and the absolute need of America being represented by a capable man alive to her business interests is demonstrated by the fact that it was a sharp Yankee, who visited the country two or three years ago, to whom the credit is due of opening the eyes of the Russian engineers to the superiority of American tools and machinery. This salesman, first preparing himself by becoming thoroughly conversant in the language, sought the proper officials, and induced them to give American tools a trial. They did so unwillingly, but with the arrival of the first consignment realized that not only were the tools better and cheaper, but that machinery could be ordered, manufactured, and received from America far in advance of the slow-going ways prevalent in Europe. From that moment the European orders for machinery and supplies dwindled; even the Siberian bridges are being constructed here, and doubtless men acquainted with American bridge-building will be needed to superintend their placing.

The consul at Vladivostok holds the key to the situation for the next few years. America has the upper hand to-day, but to the respect and esteem in which the consul at Vladivostok is held by the Russian officials will be due the amount of influence he can wield in keeping this vast territory, richer far than all the Philippines, open to our makers of railroad equipment and other manufacturers.

"BARBARA FRIETCHIE" DRAMATIZED

A School of American Playwrights.

DR. HOLMES somewhere said that every man has the material in him for one novel, if he were only able to write it; and however that may be, it is obvious that Mr. Clyde Fitch has the material for one play, for he is writing it again and again. The thought of this almost deterred me from going to Philadelphia to witness the production of "Barbara Frietchie" at the Broad Street Theatre, for it seemed that I might get ready my notice of the play without stirring from the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge, or even waiting for it to come to the Criterion Theatre, New York. "Mr. Fitch," I should have written, "has taken a heroic character from American history, and has written a love-story about it that might have happened anywhere, with a villain of a disappointed lover that has happened everywhere, except perhaps in real life. All this he has diversified with clever and kittenish scenes of American manners, with no special relevance to the main catastrophe; and then, presto! in his last act, he has hurled at us the tragic passage with which we have all been familiar from childhood. It is in superficial good taste throughout, and is very smart and effective in spots, but as a dramatization of American life and heroism it might almost as well not have been written. Or, conversely, having warmed over Nathan Hale and rejuvenated Barbara Frietchie, there is no reason why Mr. Fitch should stop short of the entire gallery of the heroes of school history." It was in somewhat this vein that I wrote last year of "Nathan Hale," and my final decision to go to Philadelphia was due to the hope of finding something more interesting to say. If I had done a deed of extraordinary virtue I could not have had a greater reward, for I feel that I have come to a clearer understanding not only of Mr. Fitch, but of his fellow-playwrights. Messrs. Bronson Howard and Brander Matthews, Mr. Augustus Thomas, Mr. William Gillette—even Mr. James A. Herne, whose amazing excellence and amazing limitations still somewhat baffle me—have all written plays that present an old-fashioned, conventional melodrama amid scenes of more or less American life.

JULIA MARLOWE AS *BARBARA FRIETCHIE*.

American Genre.

To be altogether critical, I should have pointed out last year that in the first act of "Nathan Hale" Mr. Fitch gave us a very diverting stage sketch of a New England district school of the kind in which so many of the leading men of the present generation received all their early learning—a sketch that is not unworthy of a place in our dramatic anthology, if we ever have such a thing; but I take less shame to myself because, as far as I can remember, none of the critics who found the play, as a whole, admirable recognized this native fragrance. In "Barbara Frietchie" the first act presents a bit of genre that is quite as true and, to my mind, even more delightful—the quaint and homely details of a summer's evening gathering on the front steps. There are Americans, I know, whose manners are so highly European that they forget they ever had a front stoop; but in the more purely American life of the West and South young folk still sit out, and many a native romance has been born and prospered in the dark of the front yard. Even in the expatriated purlieus of Fifth Avenue the most affected of us, if we are in town of a summer's night, mount to the dizzy heights of the so-called Hyphen Hotel to enjoy the cool of the evening; and perhaps it may sometime dawn on us all that we can be European, American, and everything else that is pleasant, if we permit ourselves to do simply and unaffectedly the things that nature and our environment prompt. At any rate, I found a rare delight in Mr. Fitch's young people of Fredericksburg as they sat out on the stoop. The children flitted shyly among the outlying shadows, the young girls—Southern girls—flirted quite openly with the young men, while the sound of a piano and of sentimental singing wafted from within through white curtains, the old folks smoking quietly meanwhile, and gossiping from stoop to stoop. Quite unconsciously one lived into the atmosphere of those old war days, and into the very unhistorical story of love and jealousy that Mr. Fitch has imagined about Barbara Frietchie. In all our American plays, from "Shore Acres" to "Peter Stuyvesant," there have been scenes of genre as full as this of sweetness and of native character. But such scenes can only be the mere local habitation of a dramatic motive.

Juliet with the Tragedy left out.

The tragic motive of "Barbara Frietchie" is none other than that of "Romeo and Juliet"—to which, indeed, a very graceful allusion is made: *Barbara* is of the South, and is led by her love of *Romeo* to take up the cause of the North. In its broad outlines the story should be at least as appealing as that tale from ancient Verona, for the incidents have at once the remoteness from our generation necessary to romantic poetry, and the national significance so potent in true tragedy. But, as in "Nathan Hale," and, in fact, in all, or almost all, of the plays of our playwrights, the representation of American life does not go beyond a feeling for genre. The transition to melodrama is abrupt, illogical. At the end of the second act *Barbara* shoots a soldier who is about to shoot her Northern lover, and at the end of the play, after her lover is dead, she is shot in her balcony by a rejected suitor, while waving the American flag in the face of a victorious Southern army. As a series of scenes these have undoubtedly theatrical effect—even greater effect, I thought, than Mr. Fitch's presentation of the death of Nathan Hale, which was intrinsically so much larger and more noble. But the deeper interest of sound drama was wanting. Instead of the inevitable struggle between *Barbara's* home and her love, we have a few disordered and unmeaning incidents of melodrama. It is the tragedy of *Juliet* with the tragedy left out.

The Tragic Sense.

This lack of the tragic sense is the defect of the school in which Mr. Fitch is working. "Peter Stuyvesant," as I pointed out a fortnight ago, is most unhappy in ending happily. "Shore Acres" and "The Reverend Griffith Davenport" sound in places the deepest note of beautiful human emotion we have yet heard, either in an English or an American play; but at the crisis of the action the ruling spirit is that of the old falsely conventional melodrama. In "Secret Service" Mr. Gillette developed his warring motives with consistent and vigorous dramatic feeling; but at the crisis his hero is weakly—and very humanly, if you will—false to his soldierly honor, and sacrifices untold numbers of his countrymen for the love of a woman. And now Mr. Fitch (though his people, so far as the bare lines of the plot are concerned, are austerely true to the spirit of love and patriotism, as Mr. Gillette's were not) has nothing better for his dénouement than the hysterical waving of a flag, and the shot of a jilted lover. Meanwhile Mr. Zangwill, having availed himself of Mr. Herne's stagecraft in producing "The Children of the Ghetto," has infused into the play precisely that tragic sense which the best of our playwrights lack. When we have profited by the lesson he has to teach, as he has profited by the lesson we have taught, our playwrights will deserve the nobler name of dramatists.

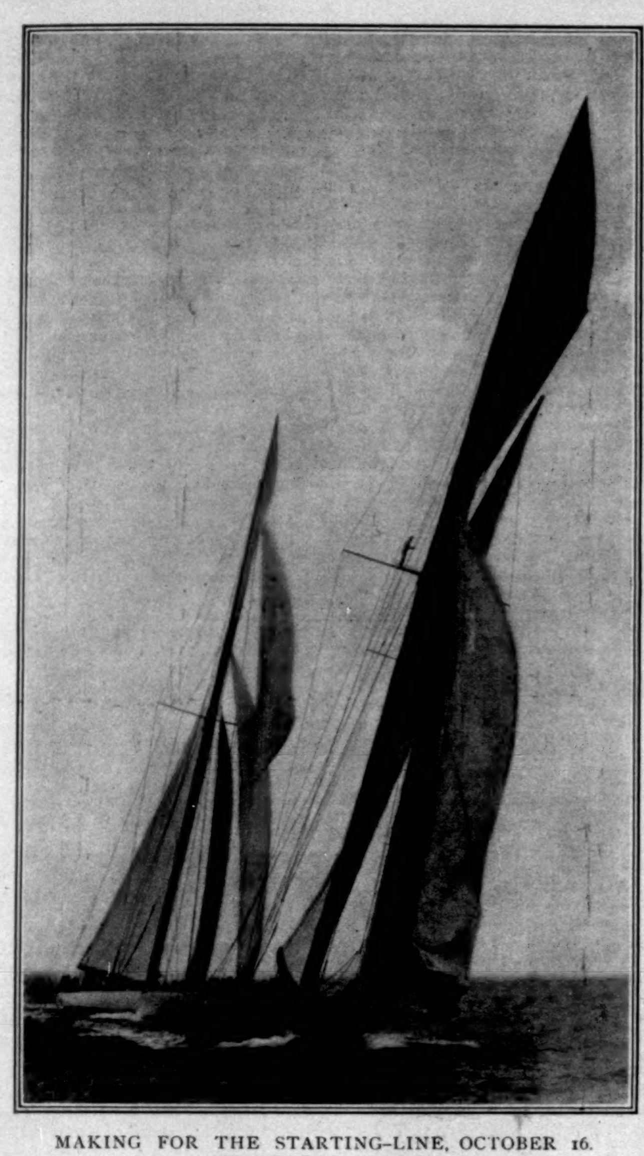
Miss Marlowe.

In the first act, where the lines gave scope for skilful and varied effects, Miss Marlowe's acting was worthy of the high things she has led us to expect—full of arch grace and deep womanly feeling; but in the later acts, as again was the case in "Nathan Hale," the most required of her was the inarticulate portrayal of grief, long drawn out—a thing which, if it can be effectively done at all, can be done only by a greater actor than we have. And Miss Marlowe, as we have known her, is so excellent! In the pleasant first act, in alluding to the tragedy of her love, *Barbara* speaks a few lines from the Balcony Scene:

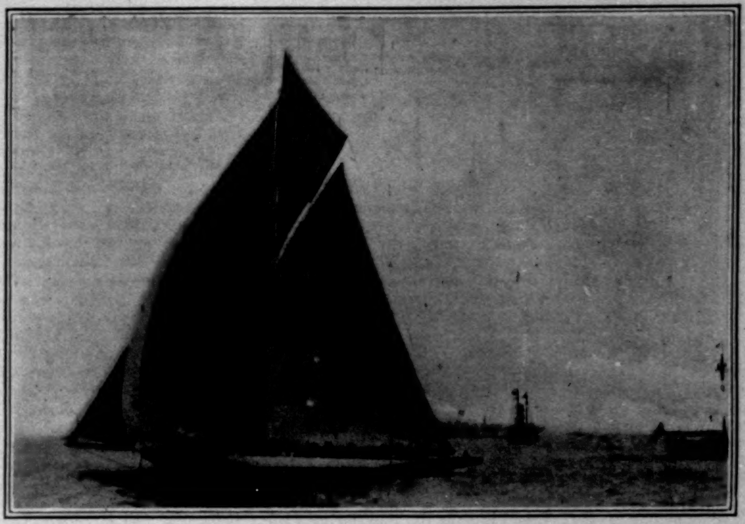
> O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
> Deny thy father, and refuse thy name;
> Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love.

I could almost persuade myself that it was the magic of those lines, and the simple, sweet way in which Miss Marlowe spoke them that made the rest of the play seem false and futile.

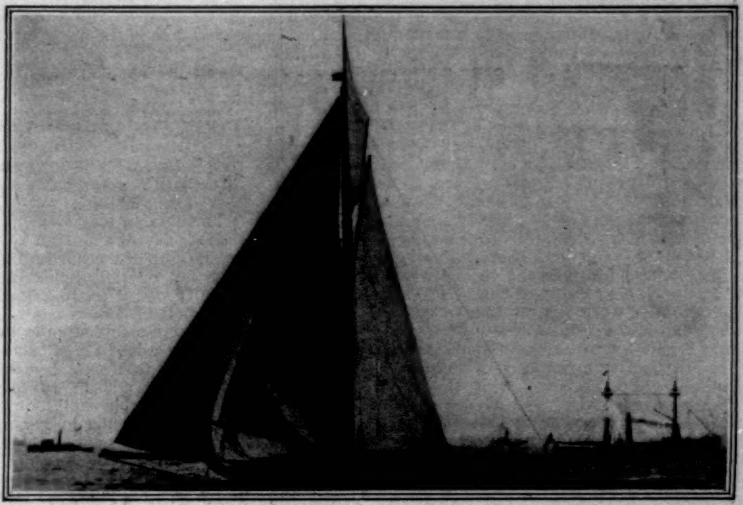
JOHN CORBIN.



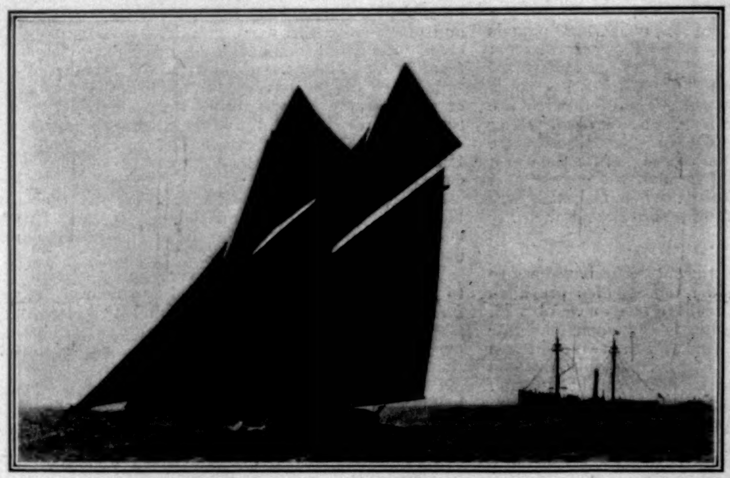
MAKING FOR THE STARTING-LINE, OCTOBER 16.
"SHAMROCK" LEADING.



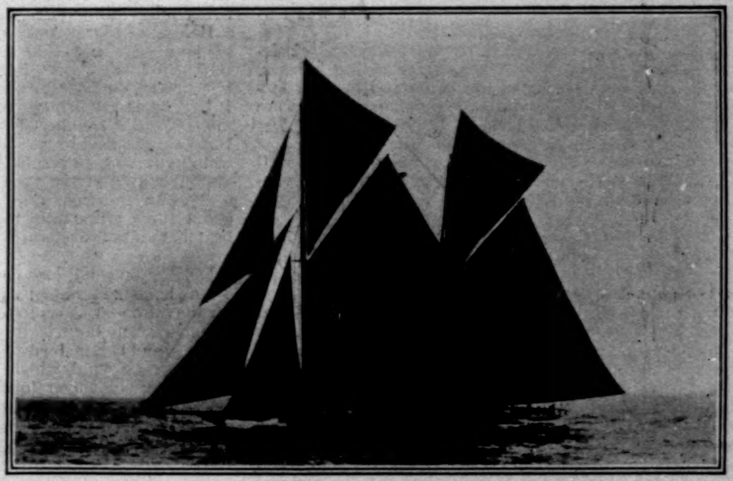
"COLUMBIA" WINNING, OCTOBER 16.



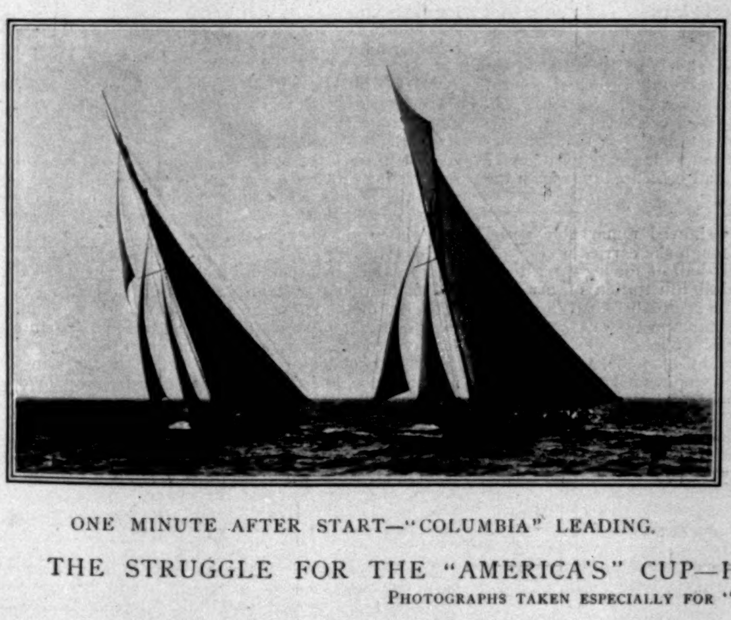
"SHAMROCK" FINISHING, OCTOBER 16.



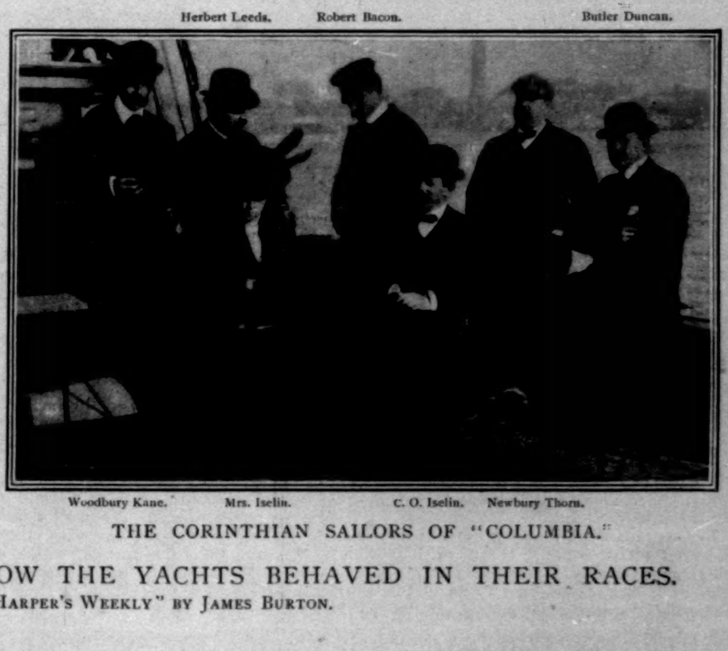
START OF THE SECOND RACE, OCTOBER 17—"SHAMROCK" TO WINDWARD.



SHORTLY AFTER THE START—"COLUMBIA" GOING THROUGH "SHAMROCK'S" LEE.



ONE MINUTE AFTER START—"COLUMBIA" LEADING.



Herbert Leeds.
Robert Bacon.
Butler Duncan.
Woodbury Kane.
Mrs. Iselin.
C. O. Iselin.
Newbury Thorn.

THE CORINTHIAN SAILORS OF "COLUMBIA."

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP—HOW THE YACHTS BEHAVED IN THEIR RACES.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" BY JAMES BURTON.

AMATEUR SPORT

AFTER seven separate and successive attempts that, because of attendant fog or absent wind, failed to result in a finish, and several times in not even a start, for the *America's* Cup, there came at last a breeze, October 16, and *Columbia* beat *Shamrock* by 10 min. 8 sec. over a thirty-mile course—fifteen miles to windward and return.

The preceding two weeks of tantalizing weather, which, with mists and calms and fitful air, had driven us all wellnigh to despair, were not, it must be confessed, without their interesting lessons. Chief of these was the repeated demonstration of how great a leveller among modern racing-craft is a streaky wind. It is an old lesson which every season emphasizes, yet the several inconclusive meetings of *Columbia* and *Shamrock* in fickle breezes disclosed many, and among them yachting "experts," on whom it obviously had made no impression.

Shamrock came to America heralded as a boat of great speed in strong winds. Speaking for the popular mind—some dread was held of her under such conditions, but opinion was unanimous and confident of *Columbia's* ability to win with utmost ease in very light airs.

In a word, the challenger was reported, and so accepted, to be at her very best in heavy weather, the defender at her best in light weather; and in this thought, and in the opinion of the boats' respective speeds under these differing conditions, most of the experts concurred.

THEREFORE, when *Shamrock* more than held her own in the drifting and sailing of the first three days of uncertain and very light air, those who had not learned their yachting lesson and were faint of heart saw only a challenger of greater sail-spread, and in the contemplation of what she had done in streaky air and of what that extra canvas suggested in a steady strong wind, gave up hope of *Columbia* successfully defending the cup.

If *Shamrock* could hold *Columbia* on her own weakest and on the latter's supposedly strongest point of sailing—gracious goodness! exclaimed these timorous souls, what would happen when the challenger got weather to her liking? And so a panic seized upon sporting New York, and, reflected by the press despatches, spread through the country. Never was there such hedging of opinion, popular and expert; on the street; in the newspapers.

That they might the better cover their own precipitous retreat, some of the "experts" set up a howl over the alleged mismanagement of *Columbia;* a few, who had too little appreciation of the dignity and responsibility of their position and too much license from their papers, weakened their criticism by abuse of the gentlemen who were aiding in the defender's sailing. Men who knew nothing of yachting, save what they picked up in fulfilling reportorial duties, seriously criticised yachtsmen who stand among those at the very top of our Corinthian sailormen. And the absurd part of the spectacle was furnished by these critics being taken seriously!

Those who had proclaimed victory for *Shamrock* declared, when *Columbia* beat her in freshening breezes, that she had been lightened too much and lost her stability; but when, subsequently, 3383 pounds of lead were put into *Shamrock* and still she could not hold *Columbia*, her defeat was attributed to poor handling.

All in all, those two weeks afforded amusement as well as instruction, and on that account, if on no other, were not without their value.

IT needed only a true breeze of any strength to prove how competent are Captain Barr and the Corinthian yachtsmen on the defender, and how speed-giving the exquisite lines of *Columbia*.

Despite greater beam, deeper draught, lower-placed ballast, and 355 square feet more sail, *Shamrock* was beaten in three straight races in a series of unprecedented duration. Of eleven attempts, four resulted in no finish for lack of wind; four in no start, because of fog and no wind, and one was a sail-over for *Columbia*, owing to *Shamrock* breaking her topmast a half-hour after starting. At the suggestion of Sir Thomas Lipton an agreement had been made, previous to the beginning of the series, that each yacht should stand by the consequences of her accidents incurred in the racing. An entirely unnecessary agreement, by-the-way, for such has been the rule of all racing time out of mind. Not only is it the rule of sport, but the guarantee of its honorable conduct. None the less, every American sportsman deeply regretted the accident to *Shamrock*, and wished it might have happened on one of the "no race" days.

Although this accident prevented the two yachts sailing a triangular course to a finish, none who watched them either in their previous trial racing or in their meetings off Sandy Hook, in the last three weeks, has any doubt as to the result of such a contest in any weight of wind that held steady.

"COLUMBIA" has so unmistakably demonstrated her superiority on every point of sailing, at one time and another, that there can be no two opinions as to the outcome of a thirty-mile race over a triangular or any other course. In windward work the defender has fully sustained the reputation of American racing-yachts, which have invariably proved unbeatable in that important quality—she has really outclassed *Shamrock* in this respect; in running before the wind she has proved the swifter, and in reaching she has shown greater speed, whether close-hauled or with sheets well started.

Shamrock was said to be fastest on a broad reach, and her sailing, both before and in stretches during the cup races, corroborated report, yet for several periods when the two met on this point of sailing *Columbia* outfooted the challenger sufficiently to persuade the onlookers of her invincibility.

In a word, *Columbia* has proved to be much the faster all-round yacht, whether the wind blows high or low, whether the sea be smooth or fairly rough. The cup races of 1899 have resulted in an emphatic triumph for Herreshoff, for not only has *Columbia* beaten the best creation of England's most famous designer and builder, but has won by such a margin as to prompt the thought that *Defender*, which successfully defended the cup in '95 against *Valkyrie III.*, could also have saved it from being taken to the other side in '99 by *Shamrock*.

Shamrock is undoubtedly the fastest all-round yacht that has challenged for the *America's* Cup, but she is not in *Columbia's* class. *Columbia's* signal victory is a triumph of American construction and American seamanship; for though the handling of sails on *Shamrock* sometimes was the neater and the quicker, while at the same time not always expertly set—the judgment and general management on *Columbia* were usually the better.

FROM almost the start of what resulted in the first race (October 16) there was no question of *Columbia's* superiority or room for doubt of the eventual result, barring accident. The race was fifteen miles to windward and return, with a wind that varied in force from seven to twelve knots, but always held true, and in a sea with a bit of a jump to it. *Shamrock* crossed the starting-line 8 sec. in advance of the defender, but *Columbia* settled to such a pace, and so quickly, that she was almost immediately on even terms and forging ahead.

Those who had expressed confidence in *Shamrock's* greater speed in fairly strong breezes rubbed their eyes in astonishment; for, contrary to all their predictions, *Columbia* was so outfooting and outpointing *Shamrock* that within three-quarters of an hour's sailing the defender had left the challenger a good half-mile astern.

With every tack *Columbia* gained, rounding the outer mark 9 min. 50 sec. before *Shamrock*. The run home was only a question of how much the defender would increase her lead; and she finally crossed the finish-line 10 min. 14 sec. before *Shamrock*, which, deducting the time she allowed the challenger, gave the defender a net win of 10 min. 8 sec.

PERHAPS the second race (October 17), which was over a triangular course, ten miles to a leg, furnished, before *Shamrock* broke down, the most convincing illustration of *Columbia's* remarkable speed to windward—an exhibition so convincing as to be dramatic.

There was a long swell to the sea, and the breeze held true all day at about an average twelve-knot gait. The yachts crossed the starting-line practically beam and beam, with not over fifty feet of water separating them, but actually with *Shamrock* leading by 2 sec. and in the windward berth. Immediately *Columbia* began to move up, and within a few minutes had sailed through *Shamrock's* lee and was leading. Clear of the challenger, she began to outfoot and outpoint her, and within fifteen minutes had worked a good 300 yards to windward. It was one of the most remarkable exhibitions of the series. They had been sailing ten minutes longer, and *Columbia* plunging less in the rolling sea, when suddenly *Shamrock's* topmast broke short off at the hounds, and she was out of it, much to the deep regret of all the spectators, who freely expressed the wish that the wind might die out and *Columbia* be not able, as had been the case so often, to finish within the time limit of five and one-half hours.

But the wind held, and the defender gave a fine exhibition to windward and in reaching, covering the course of thirty miles without driving in 3 h. 37 m.

Before another attempt to race was made, 3383 pounds of lead were put into *Shamrock*, and her consequent remeasurement altered her water-line length from 87.69 ft. to 88.98, and her racing length to 102.565, instead of 101.92, as on her first measurement. Therefore, when she met *Columbia* October 19 she had to allow the defender 16.20 sec., instead of receiving 6.3 sec. But this attempt, October 19, to race was fizzle number eight; for the wind, although light at the start and for half the course, died away, and the time limit expired when *Columbia* was about three miles from the finish, with *Shamrock*, badly beaten, two miles astern.

UNDER no conditions could the cup series have been so satisfactorily closed as under those which prevailed for the third and, as it proved, decisive race on October 20. *Shamrock* had been badly beaten in light and moderate breezes, and it remained to be seen how the two compared in the strong wind, which, we had been promised, would enable the challenger to show her stern to the defender for so long a time as they raced.

Therefore, when Friday last dawned with a twenty-knot breeze and a lumpy sea, every yachtsman knew it for ideal *Shamrock* weather, and welcomed it with the more enthusiasm, remembering that the 3383 pounds of extra lead had been put into the challenger two days before with a view to increasing her speed and stability in just such weather.

The course was fifteen miles to leeward and return, and for the first half of it a closer race has rarely been seen. Crossing the starting-line over a minute later than *Shamrock*, the defender at once began slowly but steadily to gain upon the challenger, who was carrying a working-topsail and making the most fuss in the seaway. Half-way, *Columbia* had just about caught *Shamrock*, and for five miles they sailed on practically even terms; but then the defender went to the front, and rounding the outer mark 17 sec. to the good, showed she had beaten *Shamrock* on the run by 1 min. 18 sec.

BEATING home, *Columbia* showed remarkable speed and high pointing. Although she carried no topsail, while the challenger in the last half of the leg carried her club, and thus gave a practical illustration of her canvas-carrying ability, yet *Columbia* outfooted and outpointed *Shamrock* in such a notable manner as to surprise even her stanchest champions. She so outpointed the challenger that a layman might have been excused in thinking that at times the boats were laying different courses. Tack by tack *Columbia* gained perceptibly, and though *Shamrock's* club-topsail, which she set on the home-stretch and carried handsomely, gave her a spurt that somewhat reduced *Columbia's* lead, the defender held her advantage, and, under mainsail, foresail, and jib, footed about as fast as *Shamrock* with more square feet of canvas, while she kept continually working to windward. Eventually *Columbia* crossed the finish-line 6 min. 18 sec. before *Shamrock*, which, added to her allowance, gives the official and corrected time of her winning as 6 min. 34 sec. *Columbia's* time over the course was 3 h. 38 m. 25 s.

NOW the story of this victory carries a moral, as most such stories do—it is not brute strength which wins races either on the water or on the land. *Shamrock*, with the more powerful body and the greater driving force, lost to *Columbia's* refined lines that gave her the easier form, and consequently, even under less canvas, the greater speed. Though the larger lateral area of *Shamrock's* fin keel suggested superior windward work, as a matter of fact, because of her harder form, she always needed a good rap full to attain her fastest pace; and this, together, no doubt, with her broader beam, made a whole point's difference in favor of *Columbia* in the way the yachts headed in working against the wind.

And finally, the story of *Columbia's* triumph would be incomplete without expressing our deep gratification in her glorious victory, and offering heartfelt congratulations to those responsible for it—(1) to Commodore Pierpont Morgan, of the New York Yacht Club, whose interest in yachting and generous support of it made possible the building of *Columbia* and her thorough development through a long and costly trial season; (2) to the Messrs. Herreshoff, whose consummate skill fashioned the defender; (3) to Mr. Iselin, his Corinthian assistants, and Captain Barr and his Deer Island crew who sailed her; and (4) to the N. Y. Y. C. committee which managed the races so perfectly.

To Sir Thomas Lipton I extend greetings sympathetic. He failed to win the *America's* Cup, but by his sportsmanly conduct from first to last he did win the respect and best wishes of Americans—and a better trophy no yachtsman ever carried home.

THE Inter-collegiate golf tournament, which this week is being played on the links at Garden City—an excellent choice—promises an unusually interesting struggle of uncertain outcome. Harvard is the present holder of the team championship, while the individual honor is held, through John Reid, Jr., by Yale; graduation, however, has made heavy inroads on the resources of both Harvard and Yale, while Princeton will be represented by the strongest team in her golfing history.

Yale has lost Reid and W. B. Smith, while Harvard's losses include her medal-winner, Joseph H. Choate, Jr., J. F. Curtis, and W. Bayard Cutting.

Yale gains, however, C. Hitchcock, Jr., who has this season, on occasion, shown better form than the majority of young players, but seems to have had a set-back at Yale, where, in the recent college tournament, he was beaten by E. Byers, who subsequently lost to T. L. Cheney, Yale's probable representative for Inter-collegiate individual honors. The team, in fact, is a strong one, captained by T. M. Robertson, who holds the Yale course record, but, somewhat to general surprise, was recently defeated by his clubmate, Cheney. Besides these there are L. Myers, C. D. Barnes, a very promising player, or E. Ives.

HARVARD'S loss will not seriously affect the team's strength, which, with G. G. Hubbard, G. C. Clark, Jr., C. T. Richardson, and J. G. Averell as a nucleus, will be considerable. Hubbard really should make the strongest bid for individual honors that Harvard has yet offered.

Princeton is, however, expecting considerable this term of Harold C. Smith, brother of Walter, runner-up in '98, and one among the most promising amateurs of Chicago. He will greatly increase Princeton's chances for team honors, and lend certainty to the promise of some rare match play when the several factors in the decision of the individual prize are all marshalled. With John Stuart, Percy Pyne 2d, and H. C. Smith representing Princeton, Cheney, Robertson, Byers, Yale, and G. G. Hubbard and G. C. Clark, Jr., Harvard, the play will be close and exciting.

Stuart showed some notable form early in the season, but has made no appearance lately. He and Hubbard and Smith and Cheney appear the most formidable candidates for individual honors.

The team prospects of the several colleges are difficult to judge, owing to the number of new men of unknown form. Certainly Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, which seem to be the only factors in the decision, will be more evenly matched than heretofore; and on paper, thus far, there seems little choice among them.

Pennsylvania will not be represented by a team, not being a member of the Inter-collegiate Association, although she will join at the next meeting, in January. A team has been promised from this university for several years, but thus far none has materialized. Columbia will be represented by a team which has one or two men of some small local reputation.

It is about time, too, some of the larger Middle-Western universities—Chicago, Michigan, Wisconsin—were turning their attention to golf. This game at least presents an opportunity for these three football squabblers to get together amicably.

ADDED interest will be given the university event this year because of its furnishing the first public trial of a new system of team scoring which the Inter-collegiate Association has adopted. The question of modifying the accepted system has often been raised, and last year the National Association appointed a committee to consider and report upon the matter. But the committee declined to recommend any alteration, and none was formally made, although several team matches were played under the so-called Philadelphia system, in which each match won counts as one point and no more for the winner's side.

This particular system is as objectionable in its way as is the old method of scoring by total holes won, and the Inter-collegiate Association in the recent departure has endeavored to strike the mean between them.

The new college rule provides that matches in team-play shall be scored as follows: A match won by one or two holes to count as one point; by three, four, or five holes, two points; by six holes or more, three points.

It will be remembered that at the Inter-collegiate meeting last October Yale and Harvard tied for first place, although Yale had won four out of the six matches. In the play-off Harvard was the victor. Working out the first results by the new system, the disclosure is made that Yale would have won by 7 points to 4.

The "America's" Cup race absorbs so much space as to leave, this week, no room for football, which, however, will be regularly taken up next week. CASPAR WHITNEY.

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—BY WALTER CAMP.—NEW AND REVISED EDITION.—POST 8VO, CLOTH, $1 25.—HARPER & BROTHERS

Admiral Dewey and his Alma Mater

It was in a good many ways fitting that the first permanent memorial to Admiral Dewey should take the form of a Hall at the Norwich University in Vermont, where he himself spent the three years 1851–4, leaving it before graduation to enter the Naval Academy. His degree of B. S., which he had thus been prevented from obtaining in course, was conferred upon him in 1898—*honoris causa*. An invitation to lay the corner-stone of an Alumni Memorial Hall, to be called after him, was one which he could not decline. The stone was laid on Friday, October 13, with appropriate and interesting exercises, including an address by Senator Depew, which was one of the most felicitous of the orator's efforts of the kind. The stone itself, laid by the Admiral, was an "erratic bowlder" of granite, casually found just when it was wanted, in a sand bank on the ground, and with no neighbor within half a mile.

It is not only that the university was the Admiral's first "nursing mother" that gave the occasion a peculiar fitness, but also that it is a school not only of learning, but of military discipline. It was founded in 1819, by Captain Alden Partridge, a graduate of the then young Military Academy, afterwards a professor in it, and for two years its superintendent, in the belief that a more diffused military education than West Point could supply was a national necessity. This proposition is still plausible, but then particularly "the time gave it proof." Our historians have glossed over our very sorry showing on land during the war of 1812, and diverted attention to our exploits on the sea. But in 1819 every American of the military profession or of military education was keenly aware and ashamed of the figure which the army had cut, except at the very close of the war, and was anxious to avert a repetition of our defeats. Although the name of the institution has since been changed from a "Literary, Scientific, and Military Academy" to a "University," and it has been removed from Norwich to Northfield, the military element in the curriculum still remains. The undergraduate body is still a "corps of cadets," and the present President, Rev. Allan D. Brown, is a graduate of Annapolis, and a retired commander of the navy. The usefulness of the institution for its distinguishing purpose was proved in the war with Mexico, and still more abundantly in the civil war, by the number of its graduates who gained military distinction. Among the survivors of these is General Grenville M. Dodge, a benefactor of the university. And Admiral Dewey is not the only alumnus who has attained distinction in the navy, for he was preceded in the school by Admiral Paulding, Admiral Boggs, and Commodore Josiah Tatnall.

There is little or nothing of architectural interest in the existing buildings of the university, which are of the vernacular and home-bred architecture of New England, and which thus left a *tabula rasa* for the designer of the one building which thus far makes architectural pretensions. This designer, Mr. Bradford L. Gilbert, whose own work is a labor of love, and a memorial to his father and brother, who were educated at the school, has taken the safe course in adhering strictly to classic forms and details, and relying for the effect of his work upon careful and effective proportion and the utmost attainable purity of detail.

The dimensions of the building are very considerable, considering its surroundings; or rather the preponderant horizontal dimension is. The frontage would be of some 150 feet if it were extended in a straight line and in one plane. But in fact—and this is the chief peculiarity of the design—the wings are not continuous with the centre, but converge upon it, advancing upon the principal or entrance front, so that the entrance portico is the truncation of the re-entering angle formed by them, and retreating upon the rear so that three faces of the hexagon which forms the so-called "rotunda" are effectively detached from this point of view.

This central rotunda is the purely monumental and memorial feature of the building. Within the hexagon is inscribed a circle, at a sufficient distance to admit of an ample staircase between, and this circle is marked by a cycle of six pairs of columns, Ionic below and Corinthian above, one pair opposite each angle of the enclosing hexagon. The wall in the second story is divided into panels, framed by the columns, and evidently susceptible of effective decoration.

The length of the building, thus considerable in itself, is enhanced by its lowness. It consists, in the wings, of two moderate stories, with five lintelled openings in each. Between these occurs the porch, an "order" running through both stories, and consisting of two Ionic columns between piers (distyle in antis), and upholding a pediment, behind and above which rises the low and spreading Roman cupola that crowns the edifice. Although this attains a height of only some fifty feet, it is a height sufficient fitly to signalize the central point from without, while from within and from the floor of the rotunda it will have an impressive effect of height much beyond its actual altitude, as all readers will recognize who have stood in a similar apartment. It is in the centre of this hall that it is purposed to set a statue of the Admiral, which will thus stop the vista from the entrance, the wings, and the gallery.

The wings will be devoted to the most pressing practical needs of the institution for room. On the first floor one will be devoted to an assembly-hall, and the other to a mess-hall. In the upper story the library will occupy one, while the other will be devoted, in the main, to officers' quarters. It is proposed that the building shall be erected of Vermont granite. No estimate has been published of the cost, which is to be defrayed by the alumni and friends of the institution. But it is safe to say that whatever the cost may be, it will be far easier to meet it than it would have been before one of the alumni of Norwich became the national hero most in view, and took pains to show his warm personal interest in his Alma Mater.

Montgomery Schuyler.

The Igorrotes

Readers of Harper's Weekly who recall a drawing by Mr. Peters need not be told what a fine and warlike appearance a band of Igorrotes presented when parading in Caloocan in front of the windows of a prison in which our artist was confined. That was just before the battle which marked the commencement of hostilities between Filipinos and Americans. Our readers are also familiar with the story of the sacrifice of many of these savage warriors, who, with spears in their hands and wearing charms called *anting-anting* to ward off death, were assigned to the "post of honor" in front of the American batteries in the engagements of February 4 and 5. The large drawing by Mr. Peters reproduced in the present number is an interesting sequel, therefore, showing members of the same tribe in a village among the mountains back of Manila—a temporary abode, of course; but the so-called villages in the remote Igorrote district have also the characteristics of camps. It is a relief to see these formidable persons taking their ease, though their weapons have not been laid aside. Such scenes will become more familiar to our troops as soon as military operations have been extended to northern Luzon, for the principal habitat of the Igorrotes is not in the immediate neighborhood of Manila, but in the mountainous regions lying between 16½° and 18° north latitude.

Points of striking resemblance between these fellows and the North-American Indians, both in appearance and customs, have been noticed; but one is glad to accept the favorable testimony of a discriminating American, who, after just missing his opportunity to add his head to their collection of such trophies, assures us that they are less fierce than the aborigines who have been displaced on this continent. Their hostility to the Christian religion, which is a marked and at first sight especially discouraging characteristic, is well illustrated by the comment of one of the natives of Cagayan province. It seems that a priest was endeavoring to instruct natives of the worst type in regard to some of the leading principles of Christianity. The precepts found acceptance readily enough, and this missionary was proceeding to explain the marvellous life of St. Augustine, when an Igorrote cried out in protest that no colored man ever became a white man's saint! Certainly one does not gather from this story that the appeal which Christianity makes to a natural sense of justice and of the equality of human beings had been very successfully presented.

While there are substantial reasons for the general impression in regard to the intractability of the Igorrotes, the difficulties which they are supposed to add to our Eastern problem have been a good deal exaggerated. Their prejudice against the white man's religion may be due, in a measure, to the treatment they received at the hands of the former masters of the Philippines. We must remember that the first attempt to coerce them, which was made about the middle of the last century, resulted in a failure so conspicuous that for a long time afterwards the undertaking was regarded as hopeless.

Eighteen years ago, however, General Primo de Rivera led an expedition into these northlands. It is asserted that the Spanish troops made no impression on this occasion, beyond exciting the Igorrotes' contempt by a new failure, and earning their hatred by misconduct. The offences alleged to have been committed by Spanish soldiers were similar in character to those which recent reports lay at the door of our own troops. There is nothing whatever in the history of the relations of this tribe with Europeans to justify the conclusion that its members will never yield to measures at once firmer and wiser than the Spanish attempts.

For the rest, it is a fine race physically, and not without savage virtues, such as personal bravery, a half-formed respect for married women and regard for decency in the home life, and a rude conception of justice, which is enforced precisely as such matters were handled among our Anglo-Saxon ancestors: "If a member of one hut or family group is killed, that family avenges itself on one of the murderer's kinsmen; hence those who might have to 'pay the piper' are interested in maintaining order." Naturally, as mountaineers, the Igorrotes are confirmed cattle-thieves, and, naturally also, when neither that occupation nor war enlists their energies, they are savagely slothful, though they do not neglect agriculture altogether.

It seems probable that our forces, when operating in the neighborhood of the Gulf of Lingayen, will first make the acquaintance not of full-blooded Igorrotes, but of the Igorrote-Chinese, as a blend of Chinese pirates and Luzon highlanders has headquarters not very far from the northern terminus of the Manila-Dagúpan railway.

Marrion Wilcox.

Hope

Despair's dark curtain falls upon our way,
And all unheeded pass the joyless hours;
Hope lifts the veil. Behold the radiant day!
The future's path is overstrewn with flowers.

Ernest Neal Lyon.

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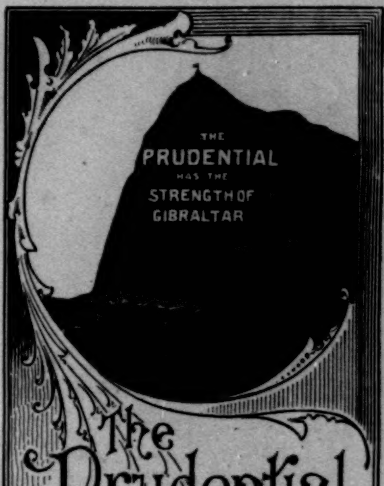

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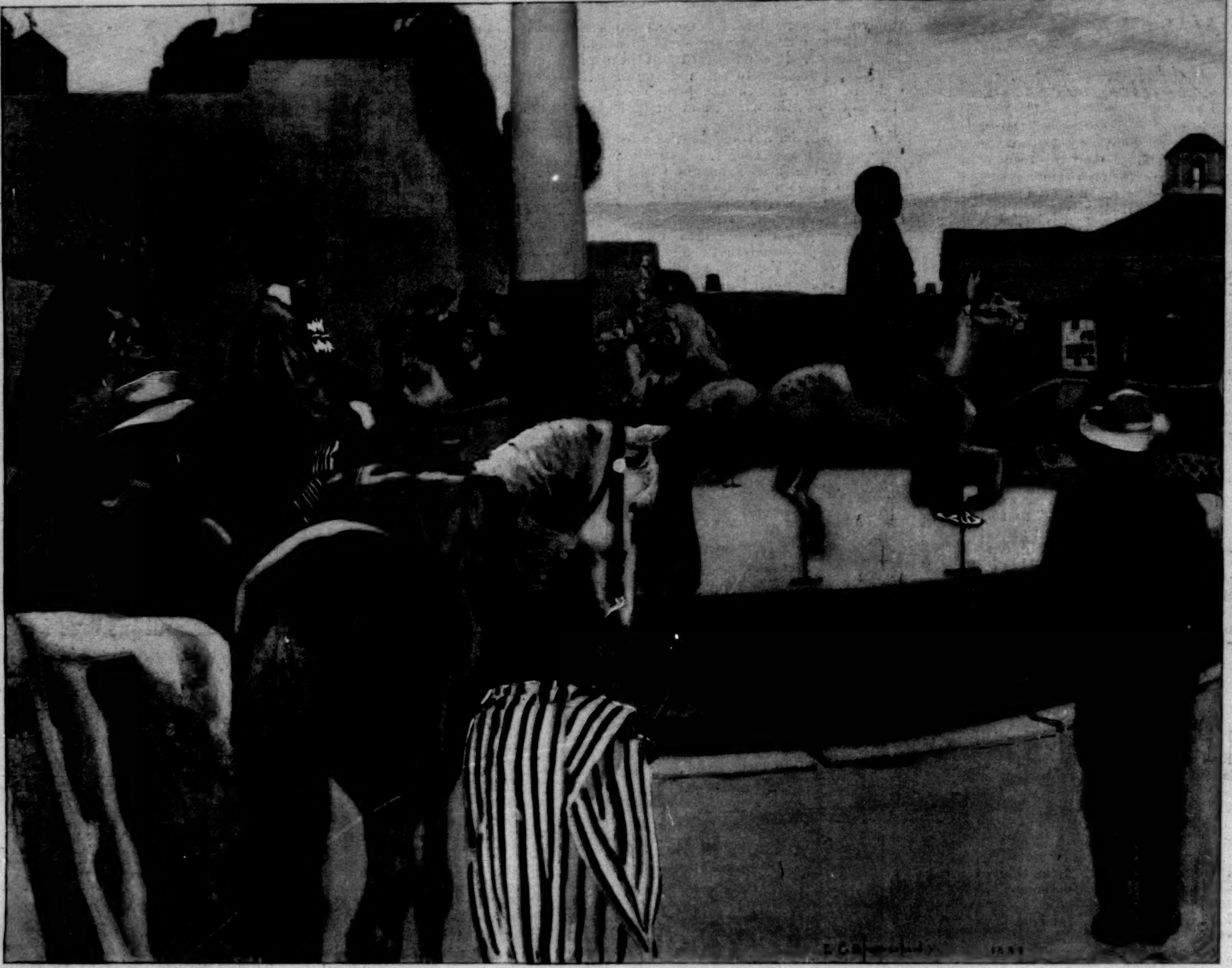

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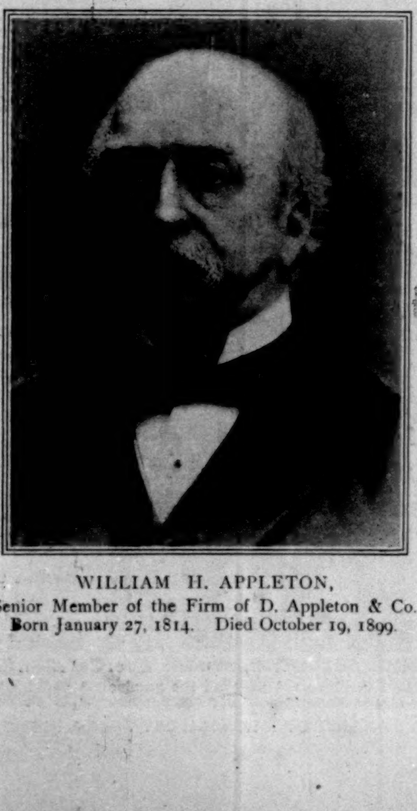
A Famous Publisher

WHEN the founder of the firm of D. Appleton & Co. decided to engage in the business of importing and selling foreign books, devoting to this use a portion of his dry-goods shop in Exchange Place, which at that time was near the centre of New York's fashionable life, he placed this department under the charge of his son, William Henry Appleton. The experiment was eminently successful. In a short time books carried the day, drawing to themselves the interest and energies of both father and son; and the business, already a book business exclusively, was removed to the old Clinton Hall.

In 1831 the house of Appleton published its first book, a little volume about three inches square and half an inch thick, entitled *Crumbs from the Master's Table*. This consisted of selections of Bible texts, and was followed by a similar book. "The third book we published," to quote from a statement made by Mr. William H. Appleton a few years ago, "was called *A Refuge in Time of Plague and Pestilence*, and it had an enormous sale, for it appeared in 1832, the terrible cholera year, and the public mistook it for a treatise on that disease, whereas it was a religious volume, pointing out Christ as the refuge."

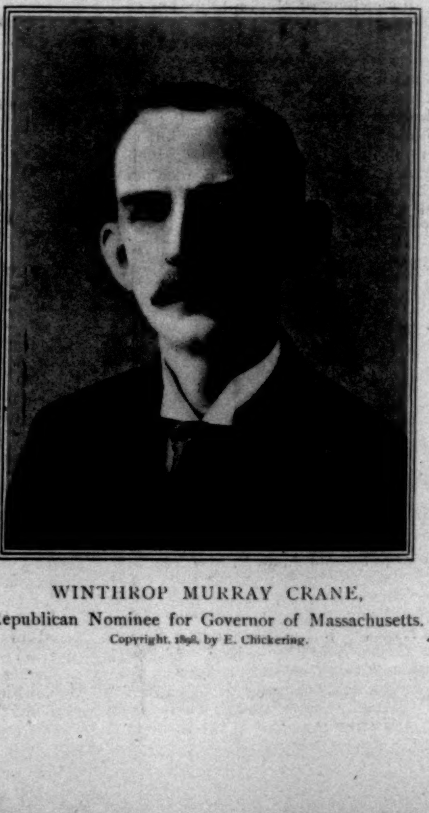
Daniel Appleton retiring from the firm in 1848, William H. Appleton became its head, and under his leadership the house engaged in such important enterprises as the publication of the New American Cyclopædia, and the introduction of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Spencer to American readers. With the founding of the Annual Cyclopædia and of *The Popular Science Monthly* his name should also be associated, while it is well known that he accepted a somewhat unusual degree of responsibility in reading and determining the value of some of the works submitted to the house. Throughout his active life he gave proof of his regard for the true interests of authors, protesting against and energetically working to correct the injustice done to them by the failure of this country to respect the rights of literary property. It is safe to say that no one took a more honorable part in the long struggle for international copyright. Even as early as the year 1853 he was strongly advocating an international arrangement "as a matter of justice and sound policy"; again, in 1871, twenty years before the international copyright act was adopted, he drafted a bill containing many of the features which were finally approved; and he was chosen as the first president of the American Publishers' Copyright League.

For over sixty years Mr. Appleton held the position of leadership which he gained by his early demonstration of ability; and as time passed his talents were employed in an ever-widening field. Thus he served as trustee and chairman of the committee on finance of the New York Life-Insurance Company; as a director of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad; director of the Central Trust Company, and the New York Security and Trust Company, etc. For a long time he was the senior warden of St. Bartholomew's Church, and he erected and endowed the Appleton Church Home for Orphan Girls at Macon, Georgia.



WILLIAM H. APPLETON,
Senior Member of the Firm of D. Appleton & Co.
Born January 27, 1814. Died October 19, 1899.

THE RT. HON. DANIEL TALLON,
Lord Mayor of Dublin, now on a Visit to the United States.—[See Page 1086.]



WINTHROP MURRAY CRANE,
Republican Nominee for Governor of Massachusetts.
Copyright, 1898, by E. Chickering.

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Whiskey.

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made of the finest quality whole leaf imported tobacco.

Don't hesitate to try them because they are small. You want a short smoke oftener than a long one.

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The American Tobacco Co., Successor.

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Genuine bears name Horsford's on wrapper.

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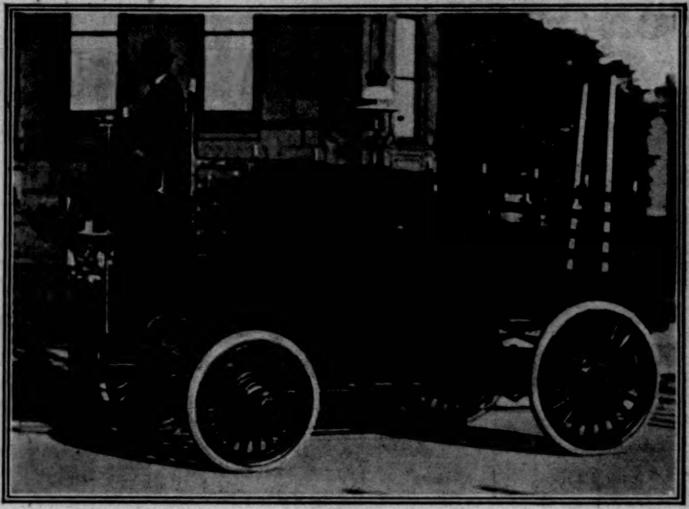


RIKER ELECTRIC TRUCK.

Motor Trucks

LIFE in the Greater New York of 19— will possess at least one marked advantage over present conditions in the comparative abatement of the noise nuisance. With the passing of the horse the stone-block pavements must also go, and the rubber tire will be supreme. Perhaps the trumpet and the electric gong will be a trifle more in evidence than at present, but it is reasonable to conclude that the aggregate of crude noise will be appreciably lessened. Abolish the one class of heavy vehicles used in trucking, and half the battle would be gained at a stroke.

English inventors have been working for some time at the problem of transportation of heavy weights by self-propelled vehicles, and they have achieved results that are eminently practical. Steam-lorries and heavy drays propelled by gasoline-engines or compressed air are in regular use to-day in the streets of Manchester and Liverpool, and they have already established their fitness to survive on the score of their economic efficiency.

Comparatively little has been done in this direction by American inventors, and one reason for this backwardness is undoubtedly the wretched pavements of the average American city. Cobblestones and uneven block pavements add immensely to the difficulties of the mechanical problem, and subtract in almost the same degree from the theoretical margin of profitable working. Let the automobile be a demonstrated success, and smooth pavements will follow. But the success cannot be fully demonstrated without the pavement, so there you are again!

For several months the public has been awaiting the appearance of the loudly heralded "autotrucks," as they are called. It is understood that the system employs compressed air as a motive power, and that it is especially suited to heavy work and urban service. But up to the present time the "autotruck" has not made its appearance, and its practical efficiency still remains to be proved.

The American inventor has, however, not been entirely neglectful of the general problem. Within the last three weeks two curious-looking self-propelled trucks have been occasionally seen on the uptown streets. The first of these, the Patton wagon, is a complicated piece of mechanical apparatus. It carries a gasoline-engine, which is used to run a dynamo. The electric current thus generated drives the actual motors attached to the rear axle. Any excess of current goes into a storage battery, and this reserve force is called upon in ascending heavy grades and in starting up the gasoline-engine. Virtually there are three types of propulsion employed in this one carriage—gasoline, primary electric current, and the storage battery. Of course this multiplication of machinery means great weight to be carried around and complication in the matter of management, but in practice the wagon has done excellent work, and the system is to be thoroughly exploited.

The second vehicle is an electric truck, and is the largest ever constructed. It was built by Mr. Andrew L. Riker, a well-known electrical engineer, and embodies the results of many years of study and experiment in the special field of the storage battery. The dimensions of the monster are interesting.

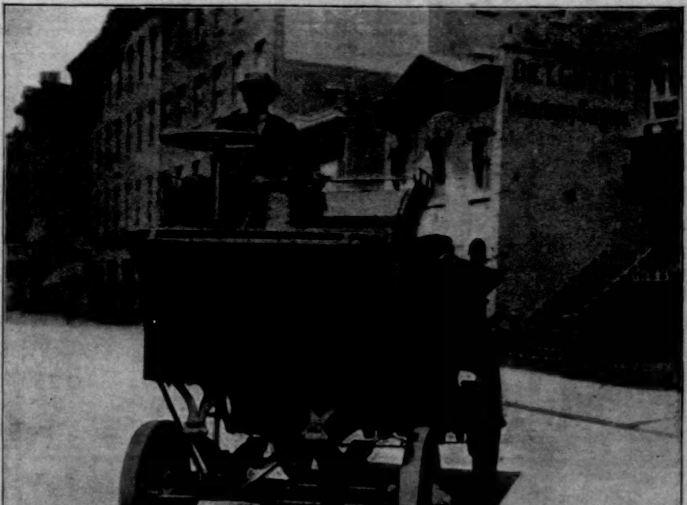
The truck platform is fourteen feet long and six feet wide, and when fully loaded it carries a maximum of six tons. The wagon's own weight is five tons, of which a ton and a half is chargeable to battery equipment. The wheels are of wood, fitted with four-inch solid rubber tires. There are two ten-horse-power motors geared directly to the rear wheels, and the speed obtained is five miles an hour when fully loaded. The radius of the vehicle, with one charge of the battery, is about twenty miles, and the cost averages three-fourths of a cent per ton-mile. It is an interesting experiment in automobile construction, and its practical results will be carefully noted.

VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.

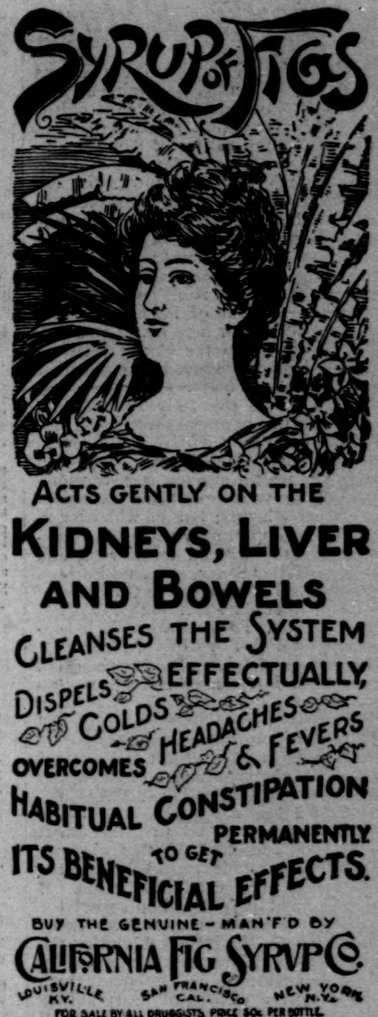
Indian Summer

THE hill is lost in golden haze,
The valley's lost in hazy gold;
And on this sea with sails ablaze
In rosy ripples fold on fold,
The trees, dream-ships, serenely drift,
A fleet that fairy fingers steer
For Fancy's port through winds that shift
And murmur, "Indian summer's here."

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.



PATTON AUTOMOBILE-WAGON.



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CLEANSES THE SYSTEM
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TORTURING, DISFIGURING ECZEMA, and every species of itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, and pimply skin and scalp humors, with dry, thin, and falling hair are instantly relieved and speedily cured by warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle anointings with CUTICURA, purest of emollient skin cures, and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humor cures, when all else fails.

Funston's Return

WHEN the Twentieth Kansas Volunteer Regiment, returning from Manila on the transport *Tartar*, arrived in the harbor of San Francisco, much interest was expressed throughout the country, for the Twentieth Kansas had figured conspicuously in despatches and letters from Philippine correspondents; the exploits of General Funston in the movement of our troops upon the ever-receding Filipino capital have caught the popular fancy. In San Francisco itself, however, the element of intense personal feeling was added, for here friend was welcoming friend, and in the closest relationship, in reunited families, it seemed that those who returned had been rescued from death. To realize this fully we must remember that the regiment went out 1300 strong, and came back with only 708 men.

Naturally the first greetings took place in the harbor, when the steamer was surrounded by smaller vessels carrying impatient wives and sweethearts; but the whole population had its opportunity when the volunteers landed (this was on October 11) and paraded up Market Street. General Funston rode at the head of his men, the Governor of Kansas and other officials from that State accompanying him. The thinned ranks in khaki uniforms were led by Colonel Metcalf.

A knowledge of the Spanish language had given General Funston special advantages in gaining information as to the disposition and intentions of the natives of Luzon, and a good deal of importance was attached to his expressions on this subject and kindred matters. His characterization of the leader of the revolt was as follows: "Aguinaldo is shrewd but not clever. He circulates and corroborates all that the Junta sends out, and adds to it all that his cunning imagination can devise. With him the campaign is a great confidence game. If his people could be induced to accept the truth of the situation, they would desert him to-morrow." He did not think that the hostility of the Tagálogs would continue indefinitely, but said: "I am convinced there will be an entire change of heart among a large percentage of natives, and they will be quite willing to carry arms under American officers; but," he added, "it must not be a campaign of temporizing. It must be aggressive and persistent. No opportunity must be given the rebels, once routed, to recover."

The Inauguration of President Hadley

THERE are two pictures which those who were fortunate enough to find admission to Battell Chapel in the afternoon of the Hadley inauguration day, and to the "Yard" in the evening, will retain in memory.

One of these is of a man of unimpressive face and figure, surrounded by a group of men in academic costume of varicolored hoods, addressing with strident voice and with graceless gesture an assemblage such as is seldom gathered in this country. In the fading light of the afternoon the thirteenth President of Yale was speaking his hopes for the new day. Those who knew the spirit of this unimposing figure were blind to his awkward gesture and found his voice pleasant to their ears; for the soul of this man has surmounted physical obstacles, and made all Yale his friend. That he had the respect and, what is better, the affection of the students of Yale was manifest in the "Yard"; that he had the sympathy and the support of the graduates and friends of Yale was evident in the hearty and spontaneous applause that greeted him and his sentiments all through the exercises in the chapel.

Most that he had to say was of academic interest purely, or of interest chiefly to Yale men, but all who have a love of country will read with approval the following sentences:

> The Yale of the future must count for even more than the Yale of the past in the work of city, State, and nation. It must come into closer touch with our political life, and be a larger part of that life. To this end it is not enough for her to train experts competent to deal with the financial and legal problems which are before us. Side by side with this training, she must evoke in the whole body of her students and alumni that wider sense of their obligation as members of a free commonwealth which the America of the twentieth century requires.

His attitude in the matter of athletics was commented upon with favor in the columns of HARPER'S WEEKLY last week. His position touching the moral side of college life, and the traditions of the place are summed up in these words·

> Of all these interests, the most fundamental are those connected with religious observances and religious feeling. Yale is, and has been from the first, a Christian college. All her institutions show this throughout their structure. This was the dominant purpose in Yale's foundation; and the work and thought of the children have conformed to the wish of the fathers. What changes time may bring in the outward observances, or how soon it may bring them, I know not. The question of compulsory attendance on religious exercises is one which is seriously discussed by the faculty, the students, and the graduates; nor can we predict the outcome of such discussion. But this I know: that it is approached by all, young as well as old, in a spirit of wise conservatism and reverence for past usage, and that no change will be made unless it shall surely and clearly appear to those in authority that we are but modifying the letter of a tradition for the sake of preserving its spirit.

But there is one other declaration in which the public will have a special interest:

> If we have within the college life not only differences in things studied, but differences in enjoyment between rich and poor, we are at once in danger of witnessing a development of social distinctions and class interests which shall sweep away the thing which was most characteristic and most valuable in the earlier education of our colleges. Not the intellectual life only, nor the social life only, but the whole religious and moral atmosphere suffers deterioration if a place becomes known either as a rich man's college or, worse yet, as a college where rich and poor meet on different footings. What shall it profit us if we gain the whole world and lose our own soul, if we develop the intellectual and material side of our education and lose the traditional spirit of democracy and loyalty and Christianity?

These extracts give a hint of the spirit that will pervade Yale under the administration of this forceful man. He has the courage of his convictions, and his convictions are likely to be sound. A Yale man by birth and training, he will preserve the heart of the Yale traditions, but he will undoubtedly make Yale an even more potent force in American life than she has been.

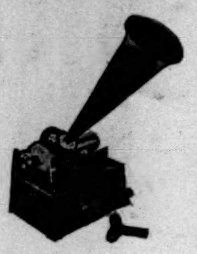
The other picture that one will keep is of the procession in the evening. Every room around the "Yard" was lighted, every tree had its colored lights, every student and alumnus had his torch and his gown and mortar board of green, blue, red, or yellow, according to his class. Lanterns were hung from every porch, and colored lights burned in every tower. It was a carnival such as perhaps has never been witnessed in an American college before.

Mr. Zangwill and his Critic

THE ways of Mr. Clement Scott are past finding out. For many years a dramatic critic of popular standing in London, he precipitated his professional reputation on the horns of a dilemma when, some time ago, he denounced the stage wholesale as immoral and vicious. There were many who believed in Mr. Scott's honesty of conviction and sincerity of feeling, and they looked to him as a champion for a pure stage, which meant pure plays. But his subsequent attempt to play the part of Mr. Facing-both-ways shook the faith of his adherents and brought upon him the sneers of unbelievers. Still there were some persons who hoped that his removal to this city would re-enforce his position, and reinstate him in the freedom and power to speak the truth about dramatic affairs. Mr. Zangwill confesses himself to have been one of the deluded. In his reply, published in Sunday's New York *Herald*, to Mr. Scott's attack on the dramatized "Children of the Ghetto," Mr. Zangwill says: "When I heard of your arrival and the reasons that prompted you to shake off the dust of the English stage, how you were flying from the tainted atmosphere of degenerate and brainless plays into the land of artistic purity and freedom, I rejoiced. I said to myself: In this world which I have been warned is full of enemies, Providence is sending me a friend. Disappointed as Clement Scott will be to find 'Zaza' and 'The Rounders' in this home of purity, he will be consoled when he sees my play, in which there is no question but of noble love and spiritual sacrifice." But Mr. Scott, in adjusting his point of view of art and life in America, has evidently experienced a change of heart. His raptures over "Zaza" and "The Rounders" have been the delight of the theatrical elect, which means the syndicate, and the confusion of those who leaned on a broken reed. It was what might have been expected by any prescient observer of Mr. Scott's past; but one cannot help regretting the failure to use a "great opportunity," to quote Mr. Zangwill again, "to educate American managers to the understanding that the drama is not an article of commerce, like bacon, but a form of fine art; and that, like every fine art, it expresses not what the public wishes to hear, but what the artist wishes to say."

In writing this letter Mr. Zangwill truly avows to having broken the habit of a lifetime; but there is no need to regret having given way to the urgent solicitations of his friends, for his public statement of facts and his appeal to the conscience and taste of the intelligent will clear the air and make way for further investigation and thought on the subject. Mr. Zangwill sailed for England on Saturday last, to be in time for the production there of his "Children of the Ghetto." M.

THE EDISON
PHONOGRAPH



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The Standard for Gentlemen.
ALWAYS EASY.
The Name "BOSTON GARTER" is stamped on every loop.
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CUSHION BUTTON CLASP
Lies flat to the leg—never slips, tears nor unfastens.
Every Pair Warranted.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Sample Pair, Silk 50c, Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.
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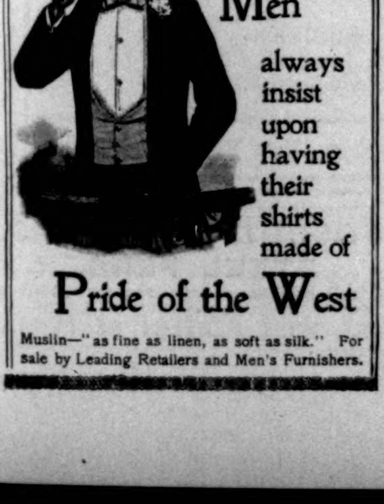

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Pride of the West
Muslin—"as fine as linen, as soft as silk." For sale by Leading Retailers and Men's Furnishers.

The World of Finance

EVENTS leading up to the actual declaration of war by the Boer government moved so slowly that the stock-markets on both sides of the water had fairly adjusted themselves to meet the shock before the first gun was fired, and here particularly that act was without effect in itself. Preparations for the struggle did, however, influence the foreign-exchange market, and through it dampened in a measure the courage of the bulls. It is interesting to note that the check to exports, and the consequent strength of demand sterling, came not from decreased demand for our products, but because of the sudden call of the British government for ships in which to transport soldiers and supplies to South Africa. Almost without warning, ocean tonnage room became scarce and ocean freight rates went up.

The effects of this were felt especially in the takings of cotton for export, since the rise in freight rates came on top of an advance in the price of the staple itself. The cotton-manufacturing industry shows an improvement, as compared with its condition a year ago, that is no less gratifying than that seen in the iron industry. A year ago few of the Fall River mills were earning dividends on their stocks, and a reduction of wages of operatives alone enabled many of them to keep the spindles going. Then, of thirty-four mills the stocks of only six were quoted as high as par, while to-day practically all are selling at or near par; prices for their output have advanced about 50 per cent., and contracts have been made to as far in advance as the mill-owners would consent.

What has here been stated of the prosperity at Fall River is applicable also to the mills in the South, where expenses and wages are lower. The advance in the price of the raw material has been of untold benefit to the Southern section of the country, for it came before the planter had parted with his crop, and for once he gets a part at least of the advantage. The railroads in the South will profit through increased movement of general freight; indeed, the September returns show that the increases in earnings in that month were heavier in the South than in the spring-wheat territory in the Northwest.

The *Financial Chronicle*, however, presenting its compilation of returns for September of 117 roads, says that only fifteen fell behind in their earnings—the heaviest loss being $108,681 by the Long Island Railroad and the total exceeded anything heretofore known. It must be remembered too that, though the companies get less for transportation, they have also reduced the cost of operation by increased train-loads and other improvements. The outlook for stable rates this autumn and winter is most promising, and with all the business that is in sight it would be little short of a criminal act for any railway manager to attempt to disturb the situation.

The halt in the stock-market and the decline that has occurred in the past two months were not the result of a want of confidence in business conditions, but were brought about by over-extension. So rapid had been the rise following years of depression that speculators bought on slender margins, and bought more when profits shown on paper could be used as margin for further purchases. This is what is called "pyramiding" in Wall Street, and results in disaster often enough. There was an unusual amount of this in the new industrial stocks that have been brought out this year, and also much over-subscribing to these enterprises. In fact, it may be said that the subscriptions to industrial concerns by people who had not the money to put up when the subscriptions were called were the main causes of trouble, for they promoted combinations that were over-capitalized, and thus deprived others of the support to which their merits entitled them. However, the weeding-out process has been pretty thorough, and the water has been squeezed out as far as market prices go, so that even those with least merit are now selling at somewhere near their ,true values, while the dividend-earners would seem to present opportunities for profit in the market from a speculative view-point, as well as good returns to the investor in their preferred shares. It is certain that the low prices have brought in some of the latter class of buying, and even foreign capital has been attracted to a limited extent.

The railroad-bond market, however, responded with remarkable promptness to the easier money rate, the Baltimore and Ohio issues being among the first to rally. In comparison with other issues of longer standing and bearing the same rate of interest, the Baltimore and Ohio three-and-a-half-per-cent. bonds would seem to be selling unduly low, since they are a first lien on the main line and branches, and should rank among what are called "gilt-edged" investments. They did not begin to bear interest, however, until July 1, 1898, and most corporations with money to invest prefer to purchase bonds that have been paying interest regularly for not less than five years.

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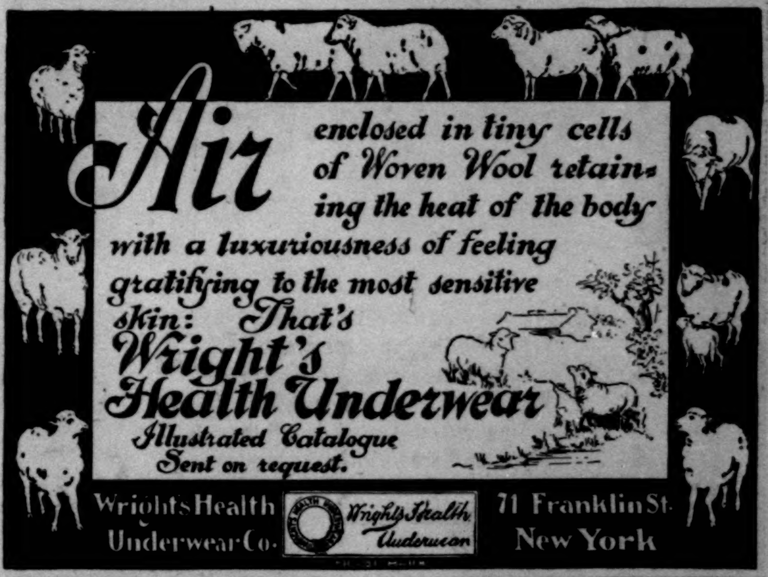

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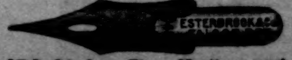

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